THE GOSPEL-CALL. In METRE.

Compiled by *W. V.*

Whereunto is added

Twenty Five Conſiderations OF THE PAINS prepared for SIN After this Life.

WITH A

SERMON

Preached on Acts VII. 60.

Bleſſed is the people that know the joyful ſound, Pſal. 89. 15.
To day if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, Pſ. 95. 7, 8.
Hear and your ſoul ſhall live, Iſa. 55. 3.
Riſe, he calleth thee, Mark 10. 49.

LONDON: Printed for *Richard Butler,* in *White-Lion-Court,* in *Barbican.* 1688.

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

Honest Reader,

THE sad Degeneracy of the Age we live in, makes it appear but too great a Truth, That such Books as these were never more necessary or more seasonable: And therefore I hope there needs no Apology for publishing this. The following Papers came recommended to me from Persons of known Honesty and Integrity. Our Author has thought fit in Modesty to conceal his Name, and I will not trouble my self or thee with impertinent Guesses: Nor will I pretend positively to determine why he has cloath'd part of his Conceptions in a Poetick Dress, since Examples are not wanting in all times in

this kind. The Royal Prophets, *David* and *Solomon* have excell'd in Divine Poesie; And we are not wanting in our own Age of great Men, famous in our Generation, who have oblig'd the World with their Excellent Labours of this Nature; witness the Famous *Quarles*, Inimitable *Cowley*, Facetious *Donne*, and the Divine *Herbert* (to name no more), who gives this Excellent Reason:

A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn Delight into a Sacrifice.

As for the following Discourse, 'tis plain and honest, fitted to the meanest Capacities, which, I hope, will render it universally acceptable. It treats of things of the greatest Moment, and highest Consequence, no less than the Concerns of Eternity. I will no longer detain thee from the Perusal, which, I wish, may redound to thy great benefit. I heartily recommend it to thee, and thee to the Grace of God. I am

Thine, R. B,

To the Author of the *Gospel-Call.*

THY Gospel-Call
(Dear Friend) has out-done all
Those gaudy florid Strains,
Which puzzle Vulgar Brains.
Thy Book has Worth,
Which needs no setting forth
By my weak Pen;
The Praise is thine,
For which thy Name shall shine
Bright, like the Morning-Star,
Which ushers in the Day from far,
Until the Restitution of all things agen.

T. D.

To the Author of the *Goſpel-Call.*

AWake my Muſe, how can I ſilent be,
When I theſe pious Works of David *ſee?*
They that peruſe this little Book, may find
The wiſe Suggeſtions of the Author's Mind,
How wittily this Worthy does impart
His Sentiments with Judgment, and with Art,
In Stile moſt Elegant, in Sence profound,
In Morals practical, and Doctrine ſound.
Who, like a Geographer, *does here diſplay*
To Heaven the ſureſt, and the ſafeſt way:
In Goſpel-Colours does delineate
The lively Landſchape of our future State.
Dull Soul, chear up, here, here's thy chiefeſt Good,
'Tis not Terreſtrial, but Celeſtial Food.

A. T.

THE GOSPEL-CALL.

In METRE.

READER, awake, awake, my Soul and all
That is within me, hearken to the Call
Of God, moſt gracious; who calleth thee
His Name to hallow and to glorifie;
And from vile luſts, vain glory, cheating pelf,
Invites thee to Communion with himſelf.
This is thy chief end, thy Felicity,
Thy greateſt good, thy higheſt dignity.
Here is Light, Life, Love, all that's meet,
Needful and uſeful, holy, right, and ſweet;

And all which truly fills the heart and eyes;
Elsewhere is nought but emptiness and lies.
Jehovah calls, the Father, and the Son;
The Holy Ghost, Blest Three, in Essence One.
Nothing but God, the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Can fit and fill thy Soul's vast appetite.
The Soul's a Spirit, and while not unite
To God, who is a Spirit Infinite,
It wandreth, seeking rest, but findeth none,
Nor ought that gives it contentation.
Immortal Souls, in things which fade with time,
Cannot find rest: Come restless soul to him
Who in Eternity hath his abode,
And is from and to everlasting God;
Who changeth not, with whom is no mutation,
Nor any shadow of an alteration:
Who is, and was, and shall be still the same,
Whose Name alone is, *I am that I am.*
When thy heart fails, thy hearts strength he will be,
And thy sure Portion to Eternity.
God Infinite in wisdom, only wise,
Calls, Wilt thou, fool, Wisdom's advice despise?
It's God Almighty who doth thee command,
Wilt thou, frail wretch, Omnipotence withstand,
Since the most Holy calleth upon thee?
To disobey were gross profanity,
Since the most Just, most justly doth thee press,
To disobey were meer unrighteousness.
He who thee calls is good and gracious,
To anger slow, in mercy plenteous.

He's lovely, loving, Love, who calls on thee:
Wilt thou from love, grace, goodness, mercy flee?
He who doth call, most faithful is and true.
Trust Truth it self, and thou shalt never rue.
The Great Creator calls, whose Word did call
What was not, and of nothing formed all;
Who all thy Members wrought most curiously,
And form'd thy Spirit in the midst of thee:
He gave, and still he life to thee doth give.
Thou liv'st in him, wilt thou without him live?
Thou mov'st in him, from him move not away!
From him in whom thou go'st, go not astray:
In him thou dost exist; and canst thou be
Without him, who gives being unto thee?
Where art thou *Adam*, when the Lord doth cry,
Where's God, my Maker, Man should then reply.
When he in whom thou liv'st, and doth consist,
Commands, how dares thou for thy life resist?
When he in whom thou mov'st doth thee command,
To come to him, how dares thou lingring stand?
Lord, what is Man, that thou so much should'st make
Of such a nothing, and such knowledge take
Of Man, who is but dust, and fading grass,
And, which is worse, a loathsome filthy Mass
Of darkness, horror, lust, profanity,
Unrighteousness, of sin and misery;
Conceiv'd in sin, form'd in iniquity,
A slave to divers lusts, lusts of the eye,

Lusts of the flesh, and to the pride of life,
To anger, hatred, malice, wrath and strife.
All in him is corrupt and vitiate;
His heart's deceitful, wicked, desperate;
Estrang'd from God, straying as soon as born;
Inclin'd to lies, apostate, and forlorn.
This Man, whom thou, O Lord, didst once create
In thine own Image, in a happy state,
Hath quite dis-made himself: He who was light,
Is darkness now; he who was made upright,
Is now perverse, ungodly and unjust,
Conform to Satan, to his will and lust;
Without the Lord, under Gods curse and wrath,
Liable to the first and second death:
To plagues in this life, which were long to tell,
And to the easeless, endless pains of Hell.
Lord, what but Grace and Mercy could thee move
Upon thy hateful Foes to set such love?
To speak to them who hearken not to thee,
To follow them who from thy presence flee:
To shew thy self to them who shut their eyes
On thee, and turn them unto vanities:
To stretch thy arms to those which turn their back,
And not their face to thee; and thus forsake
The Spring of living waters, and in vain,
Dig Cisterns, which no waters can contain.

To

To love the loathsome lying in their blood,
To overcome their evil with thy good.
Of these who sought thee not, lo, thou art found:
Where sin aboundeth, Grace doth more abound.
O wonderful, that thy delights should be
With Sons of Men from all Eternity!
Since thou art Love, thy love must wondrous be,
For all is wonderful that is in thee.
Thy love, most High, doth far surpass in height
The highest reach of Men or Angels sight:
Its endless length no finite eye can see;
For it is from and to Eternity.
But O the depth past diving! Who can sound
How low Love stoops? O lowliness profound!
That the most High, who cloathed is with light,
To which none can approach, should from the height
Of Glory, which doth Heaven of Heavens transcend,
Unto the lower parts of Earth descend,
To take up fallen Man; yea, to take on
Frail Humane Nature: So that now the Son
Of God is Man, the Word is Flesh; and thus
Behold, God is become like one of us.
In likeness of Man's sinful flesh God sent
His own, His only Son, with this intent,
That he for us an Offering should be,
And bear our sins in's body on the Tree.
All we like wandring sheep had gone astray,
The Lord on him did our transgressions lay

The blameless Lamb dies for the Sheep who
stray,
And did restore that he took not away.
He who is blest, did bear the curse that we
Who cursed are, in him might blessed be.
He who knew no sin, was made sin for us,
That we in him might be made righteous.
The Prince of life did die, that so the dead
In sins, might by his death be quickened.
He taken was, and bound to set us free,
He was condemn'd, that we absolv'd might be.
He quietly did stripes and wounds endure,
That by his stripes he all our wounds might
cure.
The trouble of his Soul, his Agony,
Procur'd our Peace, and Soul's Tranquility.
His Soul was exceeding sorrowful,
That we might joy, that our joy might be full.
He was forsaken of his God, that we
Unto God's presence might have access free.
His blood was shed, Justice to satisfie,
To purge away all our iniquity.
His flesh is meat, his blood is drink indeed,
On which poor hungry, thirsty souls may feed.
He's God and Man, a Mediator meet,
To make the Peace, and God, and Man unite.
The fullness of the Godhead, bodily,
Dwelleth in him, what then can wanting be?
He's full of Grace and Truth, that empty we,
May from his fullness have compleat supply.

To us a Child is born, a Son is given,
To us he came, di'd, rose, and went to Heaven.
He's all for us, all who obey his call,
Shall find all in him, who fills all in all.
In him is all that needy souls require,
All their salvation, all their desire.
Why stayest thou, O my soul? Canst thou refuse?
What sayest thou? What pretend'st thou for excuse?
Thy call is clear; thou maist, yea, thou must come,
Thy Soveraign calls, God faithful is, by whom
Thou called art unto Communion,
And Fellowship with Jesus Christ his Son.
The Son invites thee, spreading out his Hands,
He shews himself, cries, knocks, and waiting stands:
Ho, every one who thirsteth, come, he cries;
Come, come; he double, triple multiplies:
Come unto me, hear, and your soul shall live;
Come, weary souls, I rest to you will give.
The Spirit says, Come, whosoever will;
Take living water freely, drink thy fill.
Thus thou must love, or hate; come, or rebel:
And all who hate Christ, love Death, Wrath, and Hell.
All who despise his Love, revenging Wrath
Shall them pursue unto Eternal Death.

Thus thou haſt heard his voice, now lift thine eyes;
Behold him, who, Behold, behold me, cries.
Behold the true God, who is over all,
God bleſt for ever, conſubſtantial.
With God the Father, God's own only Son,
The Father's daily delectation.
The brightneſs of the Father's Glory bright,
His Perſon's expreſs Image, light of light,
Immanuel, that's plainly, God with us,
God-Man, One Perſon Great and Gracious:
The Lord of Lords, the Prince and King of Kings,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs, who in his wings
Hath Healing; yea, hath Life; for he's the Light
Of Life, who gives unto the blind their ſight.
The great High-Prieſt, who by the Eternal Spirit,
Offered himſelf a Sacrifice compleat.
All in him lovely is, in him is all
That lovely is, All Good we ſhould him call.
He's God, yet Man, and near of kin to us;
Moſt High, yet lowly, Great, yet gracious.
We ſent not for him, yet behold he's come:
Think who he is, who cometh, and to whom.
He had no need of nothings, who are leſs
Than nothing: Fullneſs comes to emptineſs.
We made the breach, we ſinned, yet his Grace
Prevents us, ſeeks our love, intreats for peace.

This Plot of Love the Gospel doth reveal;
God was in Christ the world to reconcile
Unto himself, and then a Ministry
Of Reconciliation we do see
Intrusted to his Messengers of Peace,
To publish, and make Offers of his Grace.
If we his Messengers slight and abuse,
We God himself despise, slight and refuse.
He who despiseth them, doth God contemn,
Since God himself beseecheth us by them.

Again, my Soul, consider thy estate,
While thou from Christ continues separate:
Lo, thou art blind, naked, miserable;
Thou canst not help thy self, but Christ is able
To help, and save, even to the uttermost,
Those who are self-destroyed, dead and lost:
His Name is *Jesus*: He did get that Name
Which speaks salvation, because he came
To save his people from their sins, and from
The dreadful everlasting wrath to come.
His Name is *Christ*, that is to say, anointed;
For he to save is fitted and appointed.
As it's his Office, so it is his Joy
To save the lost, and Satan's works destroy.
If thou art poor, wouldst thou do him a plea-
sure?
Come with thy emptiness unto his Treasure,
Where thou wilt find Riches unsearchable,
Fine tried Gold, and Substance durable.

Thy eyes are blind, come unto him; for he
Hath Eye-salve, which doth make the blind to
see.
Art thou asham'd of thy vile nakedness?
Here's fine white Raiment, perfect Righteous-
ness.
Thou art a Fool, of wisdom destitute,
Like a wild Asses Colt, a stupid Bruit.
Lo he is wisdom, and is wisdom made
Unto the foolish, who no wisdom had.
Thou art by Nature darkness of the Night;
He is that light which maketh darkness light.
Thou erreſt and wandreſt, going still astray,
He is the truth, the leader, and the way;
The way of life, the true new living way,
By which unto the Holiest come we may;
And by the blood of Jesus, which makes peace,
With confidence may access have to Grace.
The true, the faithful witness, the *Amen*,
Is given for a leader unto men.
A just Commander, and a gracious Guide,
From strangers on the Earth he will not hide,
But open up the Scripture, clear the Eye
Of th' Understanding, Scripture-light to see.
The light of truth he unto them doth show,
That truth from error they may clearly know.
He shows what's right, what's wrong, what's
good, what's ill,
For to inform the Mind, reform the Will.

He takes them by the arms, learns them to go,
And holds them, that they reel not to and fro.
If thou art weak, thy help on him is laid,
Who mighty is, in straits a present aid.
Thou filthy art without, unclean within,
He is a Fountain opened for sin.
Thou art diseased, this Physician can
Heal all Diseases incident to Man.
This Man's the Peace in midst of Enemies,
The heart's support under Infirmities:
He is the Ark in midst of a Deluge,
When wrath pursues a City of Refuge.
If thou art dead, he's life; if lost, salvation;
If comfortless, he's *Israel's* consolation.
Jesus is All, by Jesus Name alone,
To Men is given God's salvation.
All they which are in him are justified,
Regenerate, adopted, glorified.
Come, come to him, and then thou shalt be free
From condemnation, and accepted be,
As Just, through his Obedience to the Death,
Imputed to thee, and receiv'd by Faith.
Thy sins and guilt shall never thee confound,
Though they be sought for, they shall not be found.
They are renew'd who are in him that's true,
Old things are past, and all things are made new,

Christ lives in them, and Christ in them is found,
And to his Image they are all conform'd.
They die to sin, they live to him who died,
And rose, that they might be all sanctified.
As many as receive him, who doth come
To them, they all the Sons of God become:
They have his Spirit, they have access free
To Grace, and *Abba, Father*, they may cry:
They by his Name are call'd, by him protected,
Provided for, they'r chast'ned and corrected;
Yet not cast off; their Father's power and love
Keeps them to their inheritance above:
They all are Heirs of life perpetual,
Heirs and joynt-heirs with Christ, the Heir of all.
They persevere, and never fall away
From Grace, in which they firmly stand for ay.
For God's Foundation standeth ever sure;
He knows his own, his love doth still endure.
There's none, there's nothing whatsoever that
Them from the love of Christ can seperate.
He will not leave them, he doth promise make,
That he will not them leave, nor them forsake.
They shall not leave the Lord, for in their heart
He puts his fear, that they may not depart.
None can them pluck away, they firmly stand,
As holden in the Son's and Father's Hand.
Christ's Intercession, which doth still prevail,
Procureth, that their Faith shall never fail.

They

They persevere in Grace, in Grace they grow;
From Christ in them moe benefits do flow:
Assurance of God's favour and his grace,
In midst of trouble, inward rest and peace
Of Conscience, the joy of God's salvation,
Which makes them glory, even in tribulation.
Their Souls at death are perfectly made free
From sin to glory, pass immediately:
Their bodies sleep in Christ, in whom they have
Rest till the Resurrection in the grave.
Then their vile body, so by Death deform'd,
Shall to Christ's glorious body be conform'd,
The Soul and Body being unite shall be
For ever with the Lord, and clearly see
His Glory in his Light; they shall see Light:
There is no darkness there, there is no Night:
Shadows are fled, the Lattess here below
Did well, through which the Lord himself did show.
But when the perfect day is come, and grace
Is crown'd with glory, they see face to face,
Not in a glass, nothing doth interveen,
To mar their sight, they see as they are seen,
And known; there needs no Candle there,
Nor Moon, nor Sun, these lights are darkness where
God's Glory shines, and where the Lamb's the light:
He fills the eye, and perfect makes the sight.

In

In his own glory, they his glory see,
And like him are, because they perfectly
Behold him as he is: The Light Divine
Inlightens them, that like the Sun they shine.
They see his love, it's in their heart and eye,
That he is God, their Soul doth taste and see
And in his love, the Spring of Life Divine,
They Water drink that's better far than Wine.
Rivers of pleasures in upon them flow,
And fill their Soul throughout, and overflow,
Yet do not drown: These living waters give
Eternal life to all who in them live.
Their love is perfect, God's love makes abode
In them, they dwell in love, and dwell in God.
And then a whole Burnt-offering they prove,
Wholly inflam'd, but not consum'd by love.
They'r free from sin, free from all that defiles,
From all temptations, from all Satan's wiles;
No spot remains, Holiness is perfect.
Here they lov'd cleanness, there they wake in white.
No trouble's there, dishonour, nor disgrace,
But perfect Glory, Honour, Rest and Peace.
There is no grief, nor ought that can annoy,
Christ's Joy's in them, they enter into Joy.
No doubts perplex them, nor suspicious fear,
For God's Name is in all their Fore-heads clear.

Come now to Christ, and then he unto whom
Thou comest, will kindly thee invite to come
Into

Into his Kingdom; yea, he will thee own,
As a Joynt-Heir, and thee with Glory Crown.
And (which doth pass all admiration)
Thou shalt be set with him upon his Throne.
They who will not come now, must then be gone
From Christ to Hell, and to destruction.
For when the Lord, whom now they will not hear,
Shall as great Judge at the great day appear.
His words shall thunder terror through their heart,
When they shall hear the dreadful Doom, Depart,
Depart, ye curst, to fire unquenchable,
With Satan and his Angels execrable,
Where there is endless weeping, fruitless tears,
Gnashing of teeth through anguish, and where fears,
Consuming terrors, horrors do abound,
Shame and contempt eternally confound:
There they who would not look to Christ the Light,
Shall be for ever shut out from his sight.
In utter darkness, in an endless night,
Blackness of darkness shall them still affright.
They who despise his love, shall drink his wrath,
And streams of Brimstone kindled by his breath.

The

The wine is wrath, the wrath of God without
All Mixture, is unto them pour'd out
Of Divine Indignation's dreadful Cup.
They swallow wrath, and wrath them swallows up,
With wrath and fury they are fill'd and drunk,
And in a lake of fire and brimstone sunk:
Their torments smoak ascendeth up for ever,
They have no rest, their torment ceaseth never.

Now life and death are set before thee, chuse
What thou wilt take, & what thou wilt refuse.
Wilt thou, fool, turn eternal life to death?
Wilt thou refuse God's favour, chuse his wrath?
And turn from Jesus Christ to go to Devils?
Refuse all good, and chuse all sorts of evils?
Darkness prefer to light, wilt thou refuse
Rivers of pleasures, streams of brimstone chuse?
If thou the God of Truth, Love, Mercy, Grace,
Forsake, and lying vanities embrace,
Thy conscience, the worm that doth not die,
Shall torture thee to all eternity.

Now tell me, Soul, what thy Objections are:
Is it Christ's Yoke, Rod, Cross, that doth thee scare?
His Yoke is easie, and his Burthen light,
His Laws not grievous, but the Soul's delight;
All his Commandments are holy, just & good,
And better far than thy appointed food.

They

They sweeter than the Honey-Comb shall prove;
For all his Laws are summed up in love.
The love of God, who is the chiefest good,
And of our Neighbour, our own flesh and blood.
To live in hatred is on Earth a Hell,
But it's a Heaven on Earth in love to dwell.
Shouldst thou not love the Lord with all thy heart,
Who goodness is, and doth good impart?
With all thy soul, since he's the God alone
Which to the soul gives satisfaction?
With all the mind? for he doth fill the mind,
And cannot be by finite thoughts confin'd.
With all thy strength? Thy Powers are not able
Him to desire as he is desirable,
Tho all thy soul to th' utmost thou extend,
It cannot boundless goodness comprehend.
Love sweetly joins the heart to God alone,
And other gods before him will have none.
It will have none on Earth or Heaven above,
But God for its desire, delight and love.
The Spouse disdains (this is love's holy pride)
By Christ's companions to turn aside.
To please the Lord love doth the soul dispose,
And with his will in every thing to close.
Love worship's God according to his mind,
And loves to be within his will confin'd.

Love fears his Jealousie, and stands in awe,
To take ought from, or add ought to his Law.
It casts all worship forged by man's will,
And doth the sale of Idol-mongers spill.
Love God, and then his glorious Name to thee
As precious Ointment poured out will be.
Strongly, yet sweetly Love will thee restrain
From taking his most holy Name in vain.
Love God, so Sabbath-days from morn till night,
Shall be by thee accounted a delight.
These Sabbaths of the Lord are holy blest,
Love's trifling times, Feast-days, and days of Rest.
Then the beloved blesseth Saints with grace
And glory, then they see his lovely face.
He entertaineth them in holy rest;
Days in his Courts of all days are the best.
From love to God neighbourly love doth flow,
From this sweet root this pleasant plant doth grow.
Since man was made in Gods similitude,
Since all men are of the same flesh and blood,
It's for God's honour, and our own behoof,
That we our Neighbour as our selves should love.
The light of Nature cries it's righteous,
To do as we would men to do to us.
If thou thy neighbour love, thou wilt delight
To keep him blameless, and to do him right.

Love

Love turns Superiors to Fathers kind,
And makes them of a condescending mind.
Love bounds their wrath, moves to commiseration,
Love tempers rigour, pleads for moderation.
When Justice, matcht with Mercy, sweetly reign,
Then all of Justice, and of Mercy sing.
Blest is the land in which the law of love
Doth rule in those below and those above.
Love maketh Equals deal with one another,
As every one were one another's brother.
Where Love prevaileth in inferiors,
It makes them kindly honour higher powers.
Love envies not superiors higher place,
But doth in God's Order still acquiesce.
Love maketh Subjects patient and mild,
Like to a kindly tender-hearted child,
Who tho injur'd with grief and shamefac'dness,
Conceals his Father's faults and nakedness.
Love maketh man abhor man's blood to shed,
Since God hath man in his own Image made.
To sinful Anger, Hatred, Envy, Spite,
Malice, Revenge, Love is most opposite.
Pure love destroys vile filthy lusts, and flies
From Fornications and Adulteries.
It purifies the heart, and guards the eye,
And will not wrong a Neighbour's chastity.
He who is loving, seeks his Neighbour's wealth,
And wrongeth none by Rapine or by stealth.

Love is most tender of a Neighbour's Name,
It thinks no evil, and will not defame;
It loveth truth, and doth abhor all lies,
False-witnessing, reproaches, calumnies.
Love is contented well with its own lot,
And what belongs to others covets not.
It's opposite to the first inclinations,
Which tend to ill, to sinful delectations.
Since Love's the end, and sum of all the Law,
It's pleasant in Love's easie yoak to draw.
The Law of Love is holy, good and just;
But Oh! the lawless Law of sin and lust,
Like to a stinking humour spoils the taste
Of Lust-sick men, that the sweet food distaste.
To man's stiff Neck, which galling lust doth
spoil,
The Yoak seems hard, which softer is than
Oil.
Yea, no meer man is able since the Fall
To keep these perfect Laws, but breaks them
all:
And every sin deserves God's curse and wrath
Both in this present life and after death.
Yet, O poor sinner, turn not desperate,
Since with the Father there's an Advocate,
Even Jesus Christ the Righteouss who hath
Fulfill'd the Law, appeas'd revenging wrath.
He hath the Law establisht, answered
All that it did demand, or threatned.

Justice hath found a Ransom in the Son,
Full satisfaction for transgression.
He under-lay the curse, that he might free
All from the curse who unto him do flee.
Come unto him who is the Lord's salvation,
And thou shalt not come into condemnation.
For all sins of omission and commission
Thou shalt receive a full and free remission.
He will take off thy rags of filthiness,
And cloath thee with white robes of righteousness.
Was ever Traitor so perversly mad,
To slight a pardon when it might be had?
To seek for cautioners poor debters run:
Wilt thou an able offered Surety shun?
Art thou with sins too heavy burden prest?
Come, weary soul, and Christ shall give thee rest.
Art thou forfoughten, and quite out of breath
With the old man, that man of sin and death?
Groan unto him, that he may pity thee:
Say, I'm oppress, Lord, undertake for me.
He who cri'd out, *O wretched man am I,*
Within a little sung of Victory.
Cry, Help, Lord, sins prevail against me, do;
Purge me, subdue them, and them quite undo.
Since without him thou canst do nothing right,
Be strong in him, in the power of his might.
When thou com'st up out of the wilderness,
Lean upon him, lean on him all thy stress.

Would thou have peace and comfort, come to
Jesus:
He is the peace, and he alone can ease us.
By Faith receive him to dwell in thy heart:
He will thy conscience purge, and ease its
smart.
Take him as off'red in the Gospel-Call:
With this great gift the Father giveth all.
Stay wholly on him, rest on him alone
For to accomplish thy salvation;
To save thee from all sin and misery,
And with all goodness thee to satisfie.
Is not this work of Faith the hearts delight?
Is not this labour ease? this burden light?
A hungry thirsty man will never think,
That it's a grievous work to eat and drink.
It's easing to a man with loads oppress,
To be disburden'd, and to find a rest.
The wind-tost traveller is glad to find
A hiding place, to hide him from the wind.
And they whom a tempestuous storm doth
beat,
With pleasure to a covert make retreat.
Tho thirsty, when in a dry place they see
Rivers of waters, thither they will flee.
If travellers see a great high Rock stand
In a Sun-burnt, and scorched weary land,
Tho they be weary, yet they mend their
pace,
To find in its cool shadow some solace.

The drowning man longs at the Rock to be,
The chased man into a strength doth flee,
Yet all these things, when they together twist,
Are but meer shadows when compar'd with Christ.
He is the Truth, true Light, true Life, true Food,
A refuge from all ill: He's all that's good.
To buy this Pearl all things are wisely sold;
For it's a treasure that cannot be told.
Riches unsearchable in Christ do meet:
In this one Pearl all treasures are unite.
Earth's Riches, upon which poor worldlings dote,
Tho they appear to be, yet they are not:
They are uncertain, yea, uncertainty,
And certainly they will make wings and fly:
They are but shadows when they seem to stay,
And are found nothing when they flee away.
These many things to nothing do amount,
When in Death's shadow men cast the account.
Oft-times in life these Riches take their wing;
When death is come, they signifie nothing,
Except to vex the rich, they cannot free
From death, nor him in death accompany.
But here true wealth, riches unsearchable,
Eternal riches, substance durable.
With many things vex not thy heart or head,
Since in one Pearl all good is treasured.

Rest not in hear-say, come, himself behold,
And thou shalt see much more than hath been told.
Buy without price, or money, O! cheap rate,
And calculate for our poor mean estate.
Sure it's free grace which hath this match made,
Where all things good may be for nothing had.
Put to thy hand, fear not, thou maist be bold,
Since he himself commands thee to take hold.
Since sweetness, better, by the taste than eye,
Or ear is known, O come! and taste and see,
How good the Lord is: eat that which is good,
Fatness and Marrow, soul-delighting food.
Drink wine that's well refined on the Lees,
Drink poverty away and miseries.
Be filled with the Spirit, do not fear,
Lest thou exceed, there is no excess here:
Drink, thirsty soul, and drink abundantly:
He who drinks most, liveth most soberly.
This drink doth not the sence and head confound,
It clears the eyes, makes mind and judgment sound:
It doth not pervert, but right the heart,
And from all evil to all good convert.
They reel not; for the Spirit doth them lead,
They safely go, their paths are stablished.

Their Mirth's not madness, it is solid, pure;
Ends not in sadness, but doth still endure.
They who are filled with the Spirit, rejoice,
Make melody to God with heart and voice.
They Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs do sing,
Give thanks to God, through Christ, in every thing.
These Joys begin the perfect melody,
Which is above; come, taste, and sing, and see.
Ah carnal wretch, who knows no other Feasts,
But such as common are to men with beasts:
Who seeks no better meat, nor better drink,
Than what corrupts, and turns to filth and stink.
Thy belly is thy God, thy glory shame,
Thy pleasure is the shadow of a dream,
Which goes in coming, when it comes it goes,
And leaves a filthy stain upon the soul;
It leaves a sting for thy vexation
And guilt, which binds to condemnation.
Thy momentary mirth, thy pleasures vain,
Brings on most real and eternal pain.
Thy fill is emptiness, thy mirth is madness,
The laughter of a fool that ends in sadness.
Thy fleshly lusts, tho they seem to delight,
Against thy soul most fiercely they do fight.
Their fond embraces are death's cruel grasps:
Their seeming sweetness is the gall of Asps.

The money's spent for that which is no bread,
But is the bane whereby thou'rt poisoned.
Thy labour's spent for vexing vanity,
Which doth torment, but cannot satisfie.
When wilt thou come unto thy self, and say,
Ah! I am famished, I pine away
With hunger; I am cheated, poisoned:
I feed vile lusts, by them I'm murthered.
I hear of bread indeed, and bread to spare,
And of a Feast, where all things ready are.
Since I am called, shall I not make haste,
And run before I die? But Oh! the Feast,
And the Feast-maker, are just at my hand,
Before the door, tho closed he doth stand.
He knocks, and doth me lovingly invite:
Since he's so near, alas! shall we not meet?
If any man what ere he was before,
My voice hear, and to me open the door;
I will come in, and sup with; if he,
Poor thing have nothing, he shall sup with me.
These are his words, if I had ears to hear,
Lord, open them, give me the hearing ear.
Since, Lord, thou art so near, do not depart:
Stand not without, ah! shall a door us part:
Make the King's Keys, or since thou'rt not for breaking,
Right the split lock, it is of thine own making.
I have it split, it will not budge nor gee
For any thing that can be done by me.

Lord,

Lord, thou canst mend it, put thy hand within,
Open my closed heart, thou know'st the gin:
When *David*'s Key in thy Almighty Hand,
Doth open, none can shut, or thee withstand.
Come in, O mighty one, and dispossess
Satan and Lust, which do my soul oppress.
Of thy own goodness, Lord, the Feast provide,
Enlarge my heart, and my mouth open wide,
And fill it; for both hunger and the fill
Proceed from the good pleasure of thy will.
Without thee I am nothing, nothing have,
And nothing good can think, will, do, or crave,
Unless thy Spirit help my infirmity,
And grace perfect all that concerneth me.
I cannot come, except that I drawn be:
Draw me, O Lord, and I will come to thee.
O wretched sinner, cry for mercy, cry,
When Christ, the Son of *David*, is so nigh.
Blind *Bartimeus* heard that Christ past by:
He takes the tide, and doth for Mercy cry.
Many did think his crying a disgrace,
And charged him, that he should hold his peace.
But he the more did lift his voice and cry,
O Son of *David*, mercy have on me.
Jesus stood still, he thought it not a shame
To be thus call'd, but answer'd to his Name.

The

The Beggar being called, made no stay,
But in his haste, did cast his Cloak away.
He seeks for sight, obtaineth his request:
He came in faith, in love he follows Christ.
Let nothing which Devils or Men can say,
Scare thee; cast all impediments away.
Since the great Master calls, make no delay,
Turn a deaf ear to all, who him gain-say.
Do as the woman of *Canaan* did,
From whom Christ, tho retir'd, could not be hid:
She crieth out, *Have mercy on me, Lord:*
Christ hears her cry, but answers not a word.
And when he speaks, his words discourage more,
Than did the silence which he kept before:
I am not sent but to Israel's *lost sheep,*
Says Christ: The woman will not dive so deep,
To dispute his Commissions extent,
To whom he was, to whom he was not sent;
But kindly came, and humbly him ador'd,
Prest her suit, and cries out, *Help me, O Lord.*
It is not meet to cast to dogs the bread,
Says Christ, *with which the children should be fed.*
She storms not at a Dog's disgraceful Name,
But wisely makes advantage of the same:
Since I'm a dog, saith she, *for crumbs I plead:*
Give me some crumbs, Lord, of children's bread.

Christ

Christ praised her great faith, and did fulfil
All her desire, and gave her all her will.
Tho Christ withdraw, seek him, he will appear:
He hears thy cry when he seems not to hear.
Tho he seem strange, unto him kindly come:
Tho thou be call'd a dog, yet seek a crumb.
If Satan say, thou art a reprobate,
That by a dispute dark and intricate,
Concerning secret things, and depths profound,
He may affright thee, and thy mind confound.
Listen not to a lying murthering cheat;
Enter not with him on that great debate.
Come on, Christ's call, effectual vocation,
Will free thee from the fears of reprobation.
All whom he draws, are called in effect,
And were from all Eternity elect.
But if thou say, I fear the bitter smart
Of a repenting prickt, rent, broken heart,
I must confess my sins with grief and tears,
And watch against my lusts with careful fears.
And thus my mirth is marr'd, and my gladness
Is turn'd to grief and melancholly sadness.
I answer that it is of God's free grace,
That for repentance there is any place.
Justice might say, go weep in Hell, and burn:
It's grace that says, Sinner, repent and turn.

The

The pricking of the heart lets out the sin,
Which festers and destroys when kept within.
It's for thy health, that thy hard heart be rent,
That so thy vile impostume may be vent.
It's not a Foe's, but a Physician's wound:
God breaks the heart to make it whole and sound.
The Lord doth heal the broken in their heart,
Their pain is gain, there's pleasure in the smart.
There's peace and safety in their watchful fears;
The Oil of Joy is mixt with Gospel-tears.
The Lord is broken by our whorish heart:
Should not our heart then break with grief and smart?
When Christ was bound, our sins did make the bands,
They were the Nails that pierc'd his feet and hands;
They were the Thorns that tore and rent his head;
They were the Spear that made his heart to bleed.
The lashing Whips, the Fists that did him beat,
They made his body weep a bloody sweat.
His outward pains, the Agony within,
His troubled soul, procured were by sin.

Look

Look on him whom thou pierced, Oh! look
on still,
That grief thy heart, and tears thine eyes
may fill;
That kindly thou maist weep and mourn, like
one
Who mourneth for a first and only Son.
Sin is against the Lord, breaks his laws;
It mars his Image, and from God withdraws.
Thy sin doth vex and grieve the holy Sp'rit:
Should thou with grief for sin contrite.
They shall find mercy, who confess and turn;
Comfort is promised to these who mourn.
The Oil of Joy the Lord for mourning gives,
And he the humble contrite heart revives.
If godly sorrow will not thee destroy,
It tends to life, its tears are seeds of joy.
Gospel-grief, which melts the heart aright,
Is sweeter far than all the world's delight.
And even godly grief, the sweeter then
All the delights of all the sons of men,
Who can the peace of God, who doth tran-
scend,
And pass all understanding, comprehend.
Their Joy that's full of glory, who is able
To express? for it is unexpressable.
Christ calleth on thee, Sinner, to repent,
And he exalted is for this intent,
To give repentance and remission.
Imploy him to remove thy heart of stone.

They

They who are turn'd from sin to God by grace,
Find Wisdom's paths both pleasantness and peace.
The Word, the Sacraments, Prayers, and Praise,
Are lightsome, pleasant, and delightsome ways.
Blessed is he who knows the joyful sound,
And who can say, O Lord, thy words were found:
I did them eat, and thy word was to me
My heart's delight, and joyful melody,
Admire the Lord's low condescendency,
That he would speak and write to such as we,
And write so plainly, that each hungry one,
Tho simple, findeth food to live upon;
And so sublimely, that the Learned might
Not nauseate, but search, desire, delight;
And in such useful, sweet variety,
For to prevent loathing satiety.
Here Histories of grace, and ancient things,
Of persons good and great, of Saints and Kings,
Examples rare of Faith and Self-denial,
Of patience under the fiery Trial:
Of hope when Sense spoke nothing but despair,
Of Love, over-coming till with good, O rare,

Of Fortitude join'd with a broken Sp'rit,
Of warlike courage in a heart contrite,
And wit to rule an Army and a Nation,
With wisdom that made wise unto salvation.
But O! the History of Histories,
So full of Miracles and Mysteries;
The Son of God his Incarnation,
His coming with life and salvation.
These good news are, and will be ever fresh,
That God was manifested in the flesh,
And dwelt with us; then on the Cross did die,
Rose from the Grave, ascended up on high.
Much may be seen of God in the Creation,
But he's more clearly seen in man's salvation:
For here appears God's wisdom manifold,
His spotless Justice doth it self unfold,
Suing the guiltless Surety till he died,
Not quitting him till he had satisfied.
Here Love shines bright, as in its proper place,
Upon the Mercy-seat, the Throne of Grace.
Lo, this is love, God who is Love, did give
His Son to death, that Enemies might live:
His own beloved, loving, lovely Son,
Only begotten, with his Father one
In Essence, one in Mind, and one in Will,
Who all his Father's Precepts did fulfil,
Who holy, harmless, spotless was, yet he
Got a command for the lost sheep to die:

To die both in their ſtead, and for their good
To waſh away their ſins with his own blood.
Chriſt lov'd the Father, and he lov'd the ſheep,
And ſo took pleaſure this command to keep.
O matchleſs love! it paſſeth all degree;
The Judge doth for the Malefactors die.
It was his meat to do his Father's will,
His work to finiſh, Righteouſneſs fulfil:
He went from place to place, ſtill doing good,
Healing the ſick, giving the hungry food,
Delivering from all maladies and evils,
Relieving them who were oppreſt with Devils.
He was moſt meek, lowly in heart and mind,
Moſt merciful, moſt affable and kind.
Eaſie he was to be intreated, all
Who call'd him, found him ready on a call.
When called to a Marriage, he went,
And made their water wine, when wine was ſpent:
When call'd, he went with *Publicans* and Sinners,
And even with *Phariſees* unto their Dinners.
All who did come for good, got all they ſought,
And often better than they askt or thought.
The man ſick of the *Palſie*, laid before
Chriſt on a bed, ſeeks health, Chriſt giveth more:

He

He first forgiveth his Iniquity,
Then cures his body of its malady.
To teach the sick to seek more earnestly
To be from sin, than from their sickness free.
Christ sees a Widow following the Bier
Of her dead only Son; he draweth near,
And on the Widow hath compassion,
Restores to her alive her only Son.
Thus he prevents her expectation
With unexpected consolation.
His piercing eye is sharp to see, to see
His *Israel*'s affliction; his eye
Affects his tender heart with feeling stounds,
And all his bowels mercies, mercies sounds.
He quickly comes with all convenient speed,
And helps and succours in the time of need,
In Christ all persons of each rank and station,
May see a pattern for their imitation.

Church-Members, learn of him to countenance
God's Servants, and each holy Ordinance.
Jesus when eight days old was circumcis'd:
He heard *John* preach, would be by him bap-
He loved Church-communion; for he (tiz'd..
When others were baptiz'd, baptiz'd would be
He kept the Passover, and after that
His own Supper he himself did eat.
He sought and took each fit occasion
For spiritual communication,

And did from earthly things occasion take
Of divine heavenly purposes to speak.
Vile men things holy wrest to vile abuse,
He sinful things drew to an holy use:
He pray'd with others, taught them what to say,
And in what order they to God should pray.
To pray that God's Name may be hallowed,
His kingdom come, his will accomplished
In Earth, as it's in Heaven; then he allows
To seek for bread, not things superfluous;
And to seek more for liberation
From sin and snares, than from affliction.
Our hearts, when we begin our prayers to raise
To God in Heaven, and end them in praise.

Pastors, from the great Pastor learn to preach,
Who truth with all authority did teach.
His words were right words, plain, and words of grace,
Sweet, sharp, and suited to his hearers case.
He smote proud Hypocrites with Thunder-darts:
He pour'd the Oil of Joy in broken hearts,
And as a Hen her brood under her wings
Gathers, so would he gather wandring things:
He call'd, and prest his hearers to repent,
And to believe on him whom God had sent.

On

On fools, who to believe, of heart were slow,
He with much patience did great pains bestow:
In prayer he prais'd their knowledge, tho but weak,
And of their little Faith right much did make.
He wept o're those who from him turn'd away,
And would not know, nor ponder in their day
The things which did belong unto their peace,
While they were visited with Gospel-grace.
And by their slighting of Christ's Visitation,
Brought on themselves ruine and desolation.

To Christ let Children, Servants, Subjects look,
How pleasantly he bare Subjections Yoak.
To *Joseph* and his Mother due respect
He gave, and did himself to them subject.
He payed Tribute; he would not offend:
And in his Doctrine he did recommend,
To give to *Cæsar* what to him belong'd.
He was most patient when by Rulers wrong'd.
He served Rulers, yea, he thought it meet
To serve his servants, and to wash their feet.
Let all whom the most High hath set above,
Their Fellow-Creatures learn of Christ to love,
And condescend to those of low degree.
This lowly love adorns Authority.

Meekness and Mercy, Lowliness in Christ,
With Majesty and Justice well consist,
Because of Truth, Meekness and Justice, he
Rides prosperously in stately Majesty.
He glorieth in goodness, mercy, grace,
His kingdom stands in righteousness and peace,
And Joy spiritual. O! happy they
Who learn of Christ to rule, and to obey.
Learn of Christ to suffer, and to die;
He had his sufferings often in his eye,
And to *Jerusalem* did set his face,
Went foremost in a more than usual pace;
Went to the Garden which his Foes did know,
And when they came, himself to them did
show.
He did meet Death before his strength was
lost,
He cried loud when he gave up the Ghost.
He from his Father's Hand the bitter Cup
Receiv'd most pleasantly, and drank it up.
Pure Nature hath a sinless aversation
From wrath and death, and loves self-preser-
vation:
So that it cannot chuse but fear and shrink,
When sin-revenging wrath doth mix the drink.
This Humane harmless will Christ giveth
up
Unto his Father's will, and drinks the Cup,
Freely submits his inclination,
And says, *Lord, not my will, but thine be done.*

With

With fervent cries, and tender tears he pray'th,
And multiplies the acts of Love and Faith.
For *my God, my God, Abba Father*, prove
The strength of Faith, and fervency of Love.
When that the Sword through his pure Soul was thrust,
He did his Spirit to his Father trust;
And to the hand which did him bruise and smite,
In Faith and Love he did his Sp'rit commit.
And as his love was wonderful to men
At all times, so it was most wondrous then,
When sorrows fill'd, and did his soul surround,
His kindness and compassion did abound.
Tho he fore-saw his torment and reproach,
And saw the Prince of this World make approach,
And found his soul with trouble so much prest,
That its grief could not be by words expresst,
Yet none of these his loving heart diverts
From comforting his sad Disciples hearts.
Before the Passover, when Jesus saw
His hour was come, and that he should withdraw
From this world to the Father, having lov'd
His own, t'ward the world he constant prov'd,

Lov'd them unto the end. Since now he went
To God, from whom he came, his love must vent.
Like a kind Friend, who from his Friends must part,
In his farewel pours out his loving heart.
In words and deeds, and sufferings, O! how
His love bursts out, and doth all bands o're-flow.
He girds himself to be for service meet,
He stands, stoops, washes, wipes his servants feet,
To teach them not to lord it, as above
Their fellow-servants, but to serve in love.
The Passover he did most heartily
Desire to eat with them e're he did die.
The Paschal-Lamb slain, roasted which they eat,
Meant Christ slain, scorch't in Wrath's just burning heat.
But Christ, Death, Pains, Agony, Sweat of blood,
Lov'd as they were our life, ease, peace and food.
He straitned was till all was finished,
And his blood-baptism accomplished.
Behold! again his love will represent
His death our life, in a new Sacrament.
Two feasts, one end; O rare! in such a night
n which he was betray'd, to take delight

To

To act his own sad death once and again,
A death in which blood, shame, and lingring pain:
And which was worst of all, a Curse did meet,
To make his terror every way compleat.
He ante-dates his death for their behoof,
Turns his sad death in a sweet feast of love.
He gives his broken body for their food,
And for their drink he gives his precious blood.
The Sword of Justice against him awoke,
It stroke him, broke him, he did bear the stroak.
The Shepherd bore it, who God's equal is,
That the poor little ones the stroak might miss.
His body broken for them in their stead,
Is life-procuring, and life-giving bread.
The Sword of Justice, the blood-thirsty blade
Pursues; for blood rests not till blood be shed.
The blood of beasts cannot God's wrath appease,
Nor purge the Conscience, nor give it ease.
Vile finite man could never satisfie
For sin against God infinite, tho he
Should bleed for ever in this helpless case.
Christ cometh in for his poor sheep's release.
He saith, *I come, I come; behold and see,*
As in the book it written is of me;

A Body, Lord, thou hast for me prepar'd:
Draw blood of me, and let the sheep be spar'd.
I do delight even my hearts blood to shed
For them, that their sin may be pardoned.
Come all ye whom the fiery law doth charge
With guilt and wrath, and who your hearts enlarge
For righteousness, and who for pardon pant,
Come, drink the blood of the new covenant.
This drink will quench thy thirst, and scorching heat,
Which guilt and wrath do in thy soul beget.
Christ gives himself for food, to intimate,
That he himself is ours, in us, and that
He is one with us by a lively union,
And that our life consisteth in communion
With him, who gives us life, and growth, and strength,
And perfects what concerneth us at length.
This puts his loving kindness out of doubt,
That he comes in, and will not stand without;
And comes in, that he with his Friends may feast,
And gives himself for food to every guest:
He gives his flesh for bread, and to make up
The feast, he pours his blood into the Cup.
While others have but Bread and Wine for food,
Believers eat Christ's Body, drink his Blood.

He

He will not live without them, he doth give
Life unto them, and Christ in them doth live.
Yea, the life which they in the flesh do live,
They live it as they on the Son believe.
Behold again his Love, behold him die,
Behold him leave his little ones a legacy,
In a most sure, well-order'd Testament,
And gives it sealed by a Sacrament.
This Testament containeth all that's good,
All that is purchased by Jesus blood:
It cannot changed be, it must endure;
The great Testator's death doth make it sure.
He dies to ratifie his latter Will,
He lives Executor, it to fulfil:
He gave himself for them, to them he gives
Himself; for them he dies, for them he lives.
Yet still here's more of love, the loving art
Is learned best from Christ's most loving heart:
He leaves a token of his love most kind,
To keep him and his death still in their mind.
A token which he will have to remain
With them, until he come from Heaven again.
He says, *This is my body for you broken,*
Take this, as of my love a sign and token:
Take, eat, and when this broken bread you see,
And take and eat it, then remember me.
And drink this Cup, and drink ye of it all:
As often as this Bread and Cup ye shall

Eat

Eat and drink, ye shew forth, and do record
The bloody breaking death of Christ the Lord.
Since these Love-tokens are most excellent,
Which do to us most clearly represent
An absent friend, to shew what he hath done
For us, what hardships for us undergone:
And those most charming and endearing prove,
Which represent his loveliness and love.
This Sacrament is an illustrious
Symbol of love, presenting Christ to us,
As broken, bleeding, dying in our stead,
Broken, that he might unto us be bread;
Bleeding, that he might us with drink relieve,
And dying, that we by his death might live.

His Farewell-Sermon, register'd by *John*,
Is full of love and consolation,
Where you will find most kindly compellations,
Comforting Truths, strengthening Exhortations,
And promises most great and precious,
Most fit for them, most sweet and gracious.
His Sermon sweet, in a sweet Prayer ends,
Where he them to his Father recommends;
And prays for all that should believe upon
His Name, through the Word, that ye might be one,

As thou (says he) *O Father, art in me,*
And I in thee, they one in us may be. *I will*

I will that they whom thou hast given me,
Be with me, that they may my Glory see.
I have declared unto them thy Name,
And will continue to declare the same,
That the love wherewith thou hast loved me,
May be in them, and I in them might be.
Himself, his Glory, and his Father's love
To him, he gives to them; and this doth prove,
He will no good deny, but all impart
Unto his Spouse, who ravisheth his heart.
For her his hands, feet, side, and heart did bleed:
These streams did from the Spring of Love proceed.
His bleeding hands, feet, side, and heart, do prove,
That our Lord Jesus Christ did die for love.
In suffering, he acted, finished
His work, his Father's will accomplished;
Payed the price, Justice to satisfie,
His Prisoners to ransom and set free.
And when he ignominiously did die,
His Foes he vanquished most gloriously.
Heroick Facts, which Histories record,
Are nothing to the acts of Christ the Lord,
Who the Red Dragons, the old Serpent's head
Bruised, and all Hell's Powers vanquished;
Destroyed Death, and took away its sting,
And rend'red it, tho grim, a harmless thing;

O'recame

O'recame the world, and made an end of sin,
And everlasting righteousness brought in.
To God he Glory gave, to Earth brought Peace,
And towards worthless men good will and grace.
The feigned Loves which are in forg'd Romances,
Tho they be strain'd, are dull and cloudy Fancies,
And nothing to his matchless wondrous love,
Which is all finite minds and thoughts above,
The Spirit did the Gospel oft indite,
And moved four Evangelists to write,
That we might often read, and hear, and see
Of godliness the true great mystery;
That in beholding we might be transform'd
Into Christ's Image, and to him conform'd.
If thou take pleasure to read Propheſies,
Again into the Scripture turn thine eyes,
Where thou wilt find, that in the days of old
Things future were long e're they came foretold,
The Promises of Christ are there most clear,
And were fulfilled when he did appear.
They who had eyes to see, could not mistake
Him, of whom *Moses* and the Prophets spake.
All circumstances here did meet and twist,
What they foretold fulfilled was in Christ.

The

The Promises so great and precious
Assures us, that the Lord is gracious.
His Word and Oath, which ever do endure,
Do make his mercies to his people sure.
May worthless I these Promises embrace?
Thou mayst, for they are Promises of Grace.
If thou be miserable and impure,
They promise cleansing, they are mercies sure.
As cleansing purgeth from impurity,
So mercy pities, saves from misery.
If thou do thirst and hunger after all
The Promises, thine own thou mayst them call.
The needy soul that longs for righteousness,
May claim the Promise, fulness blessedness.
Since Christ hath blest the hungry thirsty soul,
Such sure are blest, none can his Word controul.
Once close with Christ, all Promises are then
Thine; for in him they are, *Yea and Amen.*
If thou embrace all his Commands aright,
Thou mayst in all his Promises delight.

Would you read laws, in Scripture you may see
The laws of God most holy and most high,
Whose Will's the rule of all holiness,
Of love and mercy, and of righteousness.
These pure commands light to the eyes impart:
They'r right and good, and do rejoice the heart.

Re-

Receive them in thy mind, since they are light:
And since they'r good, make them thy hearts delight.
Great peace have they, O Lord, thy law that love;
Nothing to them a stumbling-block shall prove.

Would you read Proverbs, much sence in few words,
The Scripture Proverbs plenteously affords.
In Scripture rare Epistles you will find,
Where to his Friends Christ writes his heart and mind:
And as their case requires, so he in love (prove.
Sometimes commends, and sometimes doth re-

Would you read news, here's news both great and true,
Good tidings of great Joy, and ever new,
That God was manifest in humane flesh,
Will be for ever wondrous news and fresh.
He is the same to day, and yesterday,
And is the same for ever and for aye.
His love's the same, it never waxeth old,
His blood's still fresh, his vertue grows not cold,
He's white and ruddy still, his beauty rare
Doth never fade, no age can it impair;
His locks are black, no grey hairs there are seen,
His Marriage bed continues ever green.

All

All earthly things do languish and decay;
The fashion of the world doth pass away.
These things are nothing else but shadows flee-
ing,
Which seem to be, and have no solid being:
But Christ is truth, and new creatures true,
Old things are past, lo all things here are new.
These things fade not with time, they grow
not frail,
They are eternal and shall never fail.
New creatures wax not old, they never die;
Newness of life lasts to eternity.
New are their hearts, their spirits, minds and
sense,
Their acts are acts of new obedience;
Their way is new, as light it shines alway,
Still more and more unto the perfect day.
These creatures new have a new secret name,
And a new City, *New Jerusalem*;
A new Heav'n and new Earth, which far ex-
cell
This World; for there all righteousness doth
dwell.
New various fruits they gather from the tree
Of Life, and drink new wine perpetually;
Eternal draughts of Light, Love and Joy,
While God himself they fully do enjoy.
Ah Fools! who seek for needless Novelties,
To feed fantastick Curiosities,

Of precious time so prodigally lost,
Your brave new nothings will not quit the cost.
Search for the new things that are great and true,
And of this labour thou shalt never rue.
These news thy soul to wondering will raise,
And yield sweet matter of new Songs of praise.
Art thou dispos'd to sing? apply thine ear,
In scripture thou a joyful sound shalt hear
Of Psalms, and Hymns, and Songs Spiritual,
Which make a melody celestial.
No Poet now can such Compositures write;
For the great Maker did these Songs indite:
They came from Heaven, and by a heavenly strain,
They lift the soul from Earth to Heaven again.
There are high Songs made touching the great King,
Who hath pre-eminence in every thing:
There are most stately Songs of acts divine,
Sweet Songs of Love, which better are than wine.
Here mournful Songs, and Songs of joy and gladness,
And here are Songs compos'd of mirth and sadness.
The Psalm begins sometimes with sighs and tears,
And sad complaints of dangers and of fears;

But

But while the Psalmist sings, the grief and fray
Evanish, and are sweetly sung away.
These fingers travel much aloft, to raise
Their hearts and tongues to highest Notes of
praise:
They call for help, invite the creatures all
In Earth, Seas, Air, the Hosts celestial.
But all the praise that creatures can afford,
Is far below the praise due to the Lord.
This rent will never fully payed be,
Through all the Ages of Eternity:
But they who ever praise, are ever blest,
In restless praise there is eternal rest.
Unto the word the Lord subjoined hath
The Sacraments, for to confirm our Faith,
That as we hear, so we may clearly see
Christ and his Grace presented to our eye.
In Baptism, behold, Christ doth apply
His Blood and Spirit us to purifie,
To purge away our guilt and filthiness,
To give us holiness and righteousness.
Be pure and clean, and of a holy frame,
Since thou wast washed in God's holy Name.
Unto the holy One, the holy Three,
Thou offer'd wast, should'st thou not holy
be?
Think never shame holiness to avow,
Glory to stand to thy Baptismal Vow.
Abhor the filthy lusts of Swinish Hogs,
Disdain to cast what's holy unto Dogs:

Watch, fight against all worldly lusts and evils,
Resist unclean, lying and murthering Devils:
Be strong in God, and in his power of might,
The War is holy, and the Cause is right:
Put on Gods armour, stand, stand, do not flee,
Upon the Captain always fix thine eye.
He is the Captain of Salvation,
Cleave unto him, and thou shalt surely win;
For he hath given to all thy Foes the foil,
Come after him, and gather up the spoil:
He will thee feast in midst of all thy fight,
Cover thy Table in thine Enemies sight.
A Banquet in the fight expect thou may,
Since Christ Love's Banner doth o're thee display.
O! let it not be ever said of thee,
That from Christ's Colours thou away did flee.
Christ and his fulness in the union-feast,
We may both hear, and see, smell, touch, and taste.
By these same ports were Satan, Death, and Sin,
Enter'd, Christ, Life and Righteousness, come in.
Adam did hear, take, smell, touch, taste the fruit,
And was transform'd to a vile mortal Brute.

He is the Living, the Life-giving Bread,
Here is the meat indeed the drink indeed,
Under the ſhadow of this true Apple-tree,
Sit down, it's Fruit to thy taſte ſweet ſhall be.
This tree of life, this true and noble Vine
Yields Grapes, which bleed true life, a life divine.
Chriſt would be broken, that he might be bread,
And that the dead might live, he would be dead.
He would bleed out his life, that we might drink
Life in his blood, remember him, and think
Still of his Death, and in his Temple ſtill
Think of his Love, and of his latter Will.
Thou who art willing Chriſt himſelf to take,
And all his fulneſs, no more ſcruples make;
For as the bread thou eat'ſt, and as the wine
Thou drink'ſt, belongs to thee, ſo Chriſt is thine.
As food the empty body ſatiates,
And life and ſtrength recruits and recreates;
So Chriſt to ſouls doth full contentment give:
He is their ſtrength and life, by which they live.
If he dwell in thee, thou ſhalt filled be
With all Gods fullneſs moſt abundantly,
And thou ſhalt live, not thou, but rather he,
Who is a quickning Spirit, ſhall live in thee.

Faint not when to great works thou hast a call;
In Christ, who strengthens thee, thou maist
do all.
Thou wilt him find life-giving, strenthening
food,
The living Spring of all that's truly good.
Prepare thy self for this great holy Feast,
The King himself observeth every guest:
He who had not his Wedding-garment on,
Incurr'd the Sentence of Damnation.
If thou come thither as to common food,
Thou wilt draw on the guilt of Jesu's blood.
Come with repentance, mourn when thou dost
see
The Lord, whom thou by sin didst crucifie.
Come hungring, thirsting for this holy Feast,
The hungring soul shall be with goodness blest:
Come meek and lowly to Christ crucified,
The meek shall eat, and shall be satisfied:
Christ dwells with those who are of humble
Spirit,
And doth revive the heart of the contrite.
Thou must have Faith, that Christ himself thou
may
Eat Spiritually, not in a carnal way.
Purge out the leaven of hypocrisie,
And eat this feast with heart-sincerity:
Purge malice out, Division detaste,
This is a Love, and a Communion-feast.

For-

Forgive the sins of others heartily,
As God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven thee.

If wants discourage, guilt stare in thy face,
Then judge thy self, beg mercy, seek for grace.
If thou seek Jesus, fear not, do not stay,
He hath all that thou want'st, haste, come away:
Come to the blood of sprinkling with thy sin,
The Fountain's open, wash thy self therein.
As it's of grace that the most glorious Lord
Speaks unto us, and seals his faithful Word
By Sacraments; so it is of his grace,
That we may speak to him in every place:
Yea, he most graciously of us requires,
That we in every thing make our desires
Known t' him by prayer and supplication,
That we may freed be of all vexation,
And that we may to our comfort find,
The peace of God guarding our heart and mind.
Offer thy hearts desires unto the Lord,
For things agreeable unto his Word:
Pray in the Spirit, who helps up every groan,
And sigh and suit, we cannot pray alone:
Pray in Christ's Name, if access thou would'st have
To grace, and answers of thy suit receive.
This is the new and living way, the gate
Of life, that leadeth to the Mercy-seat.

All those for whom Christ doeth interceed,
Mercy and grace, find in the time of need.
Be humble, fervent, pray in love and faith:
Lift up pure hands without doubting and wrath:
Confess thy sins with sorrow and with shame:
For mercies praise the Lord's most holy Name:
And pray that God's Name may be hallowed,
Before thou com'st to seek for daily bread.
If answers come not soon, wait, knock again,
He hath not said, *Seek ye my face in vain.*
Seek, ask, knock, wait with expectation,
Thou shalt rejoice in God's salvation.
The very pouring out of a sad heart
Before the Lord, will somewhat ease its smart.
He heareth prayer, and he loves to hear
His Doves, his Turtles voice; he bows his ear.
All their desires, groans, breathings, chatterings,
Are pleasant musick to the King of Kings:
These broken Notes he joins in pleasant sets
Of Musick, and their moaning words repeats:
He hears *Ephraim*, while he doth bemoan
Himself; he telleth every word and groan:
His bowels move, he hath compassion
Upon his pleasant child, and his dear Son.
Is it not meet that since the Lord takes pleasure
To hear, and to repeat thy suits takes leasure,
That thou with pleasure should'st persist to cry,
And wait his leasure till he do reply?

Some-

Sometimes he answers Prayers e're they are done;
Sometimes he answers e're they be begun:
For he regardeth our necessity,
And answereth our need before we cry:
And sometimes humble, patient expectation
Is a most needful part of supplication.
That man is indiscreet who is offended,
That he's not answered ere his suit be ended.
The needy he will not forget alway:
The poor man's hope shall not be lost for ay.
Think it not then a weariness to pray,
To come by this new, true and living way,
With boldness by the Blood of Jesus Christ,
The Son of God, the merciful High-Priest,
Who doth for ever live to interceed
For sinners sensible of sin and need;
And takes those who come to him by the hand,
And brings them into grace, wherein they stand,
Into the holiest, the Mercy-seat,
That from the God of Grace they Grace may get;
Pardons of sins, cures of all maladies,
And for all wants full suitable supplies;
Light, Life, Strength, Grace to do and persevere,
When they are tempt with pleasure or with fear:

Yea,

Yea, more than they can ask, or think upon,
Grace, Grace, sure mercies, God's salvation.
Are not then all God's Ordinances sweet,
Since in them he doth with his people meet?
Himself, his Mind, his Grace he doth impart
To them, and they pour out to him their heart.
Blessed are they the joyful sound who hear,
And to God's Word apply their heart and ear.
It's Spirit and Life; it light in darkness gives,
And when they faint and fear, it them relieves.
O! blessed are they who are washed in
The Fountain opened for faults and sin:
These Waters cleanse, heal, quicken, and make grow
All things, where they do come and overflow.
And happy are they who by Christ, the King,
Are brought into the house of banquetting:
And happy they who by his Sp'rit are led
Unto his house of Prayer, and there made glad.
If this begun-communion be so sweet,
What will it be when it's in Heaven compleat?

As for Christ's Rod and Cross, tho they appear
So sharp and sad, yet follow, do not fear:
That he himself doth humble to reprove,
And chasten thee, it's condescending love:

For

For if thou wert without correction,
Thou wouldst a Bastard be, and not a Son.
It's better to endure Paternal Ire,
Than bear the vengeance of eternal fire.
If thou receive the rod with spirit mild,
Thou maist be sure God treats thee as a child.
Why shouldst thou his chastising hand suspect,
Since for thy profit he doth thee correct,
That we may partake of his holiness,
And may bring forth the fruits of righteousness?
His fire will not consume thee, but thy sin:
It purgeth out thy filthy dross and tin.
These Thorns are kindly sharp, which hedge the way,
That thou maist not thy lovers find, but say,
I will to my first husband go; I know
That it was better then with me than now.
He is to anger slow, he stirs not all
His wrath, he quickly lets the quarrel fall:
He spares even when he strikes, debates in measure,
Waits to be gracious, gives space and leasure
To those whom he chastiseth to repent,
Speaks to their heart, to move it to relent:
Despise not the Almighty's chastisement,
And when he thee rebuketh, do not faint:
Humble thy self under his mighty hand,
Obey his will, it's madness to withstand.

Turn to his hand that smites, and kiss the rod
And it is meet that thus thou say to God,
I have chastisement born, I'le not offend:
Have mercy, give me Grace my faults to mend:
What I see not, Lord, teach me, that I may
Know secret sins, and no more go astray.
Blest is the man who is of God chastised,
And from his Law thus taught and exercised.
Sin brings down rods, rods bring forth fruits of peace,
Christ turns the fruits of sin to means of grace:
God's soveraign Grace makes changes strange of things:
It life from death, sweet from bitter brings;
Peace out of trouble, out of darkness light;
Out of the Eater meet, from grief delight.
What of it self did to destruction tend,
Grace makes it in salvation to end.

As for Christ's Cross, be not at it offended;
For it can never be enough commended:
O! it's a holy, pleasant, stately thing,
To be conform'd to him in suffering.
Remember oft his oft repeated word,
The Servant is not greater than his Lord:
It is enough, and very fair that he
Who's a Disciple, as his Master be.
Is thy condition mean? canst thou not find
Accommodation unto thy mind?

Hast

Hast thou no harboury, no house, nor hold,
To shelter thee from storms? look and behold,
The First-begotten to the world brought in,
In an Out-house, and not into the Inn.
He, unto whom the Angels worship paid,
Is in a Manger, not a Cradle laid.
Foxes have holes, and each fowl hath its nest,
Christ had not whereupon his head to rest.
Want'st thou wherewith to buy thy daily bread?
Some of their substance to him ministred.
Or art thou from thy Native Soil exil'd?
Christ driven was to *Egypt* when a child.
Art thou reproached? Vile iniquities
Were cast on him, calumnies and lies;
Vile drunkenness, sensual gluttony,
Collusion with Devils, blasphemy,
Madness, deceit, and friendliness to vice,
And all that crafty malice could devise,
Was charg'd on him, whom they proclaim'd abroad,
An Enemy to *Cæsar* and to God.
Do Friends turn Foes, or do they faint and flee
From thee in straits? to Jesus turn thine eye:
His own Disciples did leave him alone:
They to their own were scattered and gone:
He was by *Judas* traiterously betrayed,
By *Peter* thrice most shamefully denied.
Art thou a Prisoner, and hardly used,
Pursu'd to death, and scornfully abused?

Christ

Christ as a Thief, was apprehended, bound,
As a mock-King in purple cloath'd, and crown'd
With pricking Thorns, a Reed put in his hand,
As a mock-Scepter; then they do command,
That he hood-wink't, should tell who did him smite.
To shew at him as Prophet, their despite,
They spit on him, and scourge him cruelly,
And lead him out upon a Cross to die
A lingring, shameful, painful, curled death,
On which he bore our sins and divine wrath.
These were the weights that did his soul distress:
His sweat was blood, when bruised in this press.
The Cross, as Christ hath left it, we may say
Is light, Christ took its greatest weight away:
He wrath, the bitterness of death drunk up,
And left no vengeance in his peoples cup:
For wrath and death, he love and life puts in,
Which *Marah*'s waters make more sweet than wine.

Take up his burden, it is light and meet,
And drink his cup, it healthful is and sweet:
To bear about the dying of sweet Jesus
Will not us kill, but quicken, strengthen, ease us.

They're

They're highly honoured who suffer shame
For Jesus sake, and for his glorious Name:
Reproach for Christ, is Riches much more great
Than *Egypt's* Pleasures, Treasures, Honours, State:
Shame for him honour is, and loss is gain:
In death for him is life, and ease in pain.
When all day long they're killed for his sake,
Like sheep for slaughter, burned at a stake
They Conquerors, and more than Conquerors prove,
Through him who them eternally doth love.
Turn thine eyes from the dark side of the Cross,
On which appears dishonour, pain and loss,
And turn upon the lightsome side thine eye,
Where pleasure, gain and glory thou maist see.
Christ's own Example will us best direct,
How of the Cross to take a right prospect.
The Son of man is glorified, he said,
And God in him is also glorified.
If God in him thus glorified be,
God shall in him himself straight glorifie.
He Glory saw in being crucified,
He saw God by his suffering glorified:
He saw the heavenly glory to ensue:
Keep still this Triple Glory in thy view,
Sigh not then at the Cross, as sad and sorry,
But shout in triumph, Glory, glory, glory.

Live

Live to God's Glory, for his Glory die,
It is thy Glory God to glorifie.
If by thy death God glorified be,
Thou shalt in Glory live eternally.
They who with Christ do suffer, with him reign,
And bearing palms, eternal triumph sing.
If for the Name of Christ reproach'd thou be,
The Spirit of God and Glory rests on thee.
These momentary crosses which are light,
Work endless Glory of exceeding weight.
Yet go not from thy way to seek a cross,
Follow thy calling, to God's way keep close:
That Cross which thy wise Lord for thee thinks meet,
Is in thy way, in the great King's High-street:
That thou must take it up, or else go wrong,
Medling in what doth not to thee belong.
If in thy sufferings thou wouldst have delight,
See that thy call be clear, the cause be right:
Take up thy Cross in Christ's Name, and his strength,
That of thy race thou maist run all the length.
Pray to be strengthen'd by his glorious might,
To suffer with all patience and delight.
Tho thou wert burned, yet if thou hast not
Love, burning will not profit thee a Jot.
Unto thy hungry Enemy give food:
Love those who hate thee, vanquish ill with good:

And pray that those who do impoverish thee,
With the true riches may enriched be:
That they who cause thee wander far abroad,
May from their wand'ring be reclaim'd to God.
Those who from Earth pursue thee till thou die,
Endeavour to draw them to Heaven with thee.
Our blessed Lord, when hanging on the tree,
Prayed for those who did him crucifie:
He to his Father for their pardon pray'd,
And did say for them all that could be said.
How far was *Stephen* from leaving of his death
On those who ston'd him, witness his last breath:
He kneel'd, and cri'd, this sin, Lord, do not lay
To their charge: Thus in love he slept away.
O lovely blessed sleep! O sure 'twill be
A heavenly thing in love to live and die.
Love is the way to Heaven, love is the flame
In which the soul surmounts the starry frame.
This is the work and life of Saints above,
To love, and loved be; for God is love:
He's light and love, he freely doth impart
Light to the mind, and goodness to the heart.
With his resplendent Glory fill thine eye,
And in his goodness place thou all thy Joy.

Come see and taste, Come, come, and taste and see,
With goodness fill thy heart, with light thine eye.
The Father, Son and Spirit, Persons three,
Who are in Essence one, do call on thee
To come from doleſome darkness unto light,
From ill to good, from sorrow to delight;
From death to life, from guilt to righteousness;
From the vile filth of sin to holiness;
From want to fullness; from weights which thee load,
To rest and ease; from Satan unto God;
From Hell to Heaven, from lusts base drudgery,
To that high service, God to glorifie.
Not that we can unto his Glory add;
For it is boundleſs. He hath ever had,
And hath, and shall have to Eternity
Perfection infinite, but that poor we,
With mind, heart, mouth, acknowledge and confeſs
His glory, as he doeth it expreſs
In all his Works, and in his holy Word,
And in the face of Jeſus Christ our Lord:
And that in eating, drinking, in each thing
We do, God's Glory we may still deſign.
But surely it is wonderfully sweet
To see Gods Glory and man's good unite.

In

In these same acts by which they glorifie
The Lord, they do enjoy his company:
And these same acts which do unite the soul
Unto the Lord, his Glory do extol:
By acting Faith, and hoping in his Word,
They praise the Grace, Truth, Power of the Lord:
By acting Faith, they in their heart receive
The Lord to dwell in them, great peace they have:
Whose mind and heart upon the Lord is staid,
Of evil tidings they are not afraid:
When they themselves most quietly do hide
Under the shade of his wings, and abide
In the most secret place of the most high,
What harm of evil can to them come nigh?
Munition of Rocks doth them secure;
Their bread and water are to them made sure:
God with broad Rivers them surrounds, that so
No Ship nor Galley can against them go.
Since in them God is Glory, and a wall
Of fire about them, surely they have all,
Glory within their mind and heart to fill,
A fire without, to guard them from all ill.
How can they but be safe, who have salvation,
For VValls and Bulwarks, for their preservation.

The more they trust, the more they glorifie
God, and his wondrous loving kindness see,
Which he to them hath greatly magnified
Within a city that is fortified.
No outward force disturbeth their solace,
When they thus guarded, see and taste his grace.
Love doth at once the Lord himself embrace,
And glorifies his goodness, love and grace,
While we above all things the Lord do love,
We in our heart set him all things above,
While we desire him, and do in him joy,
We move to him, and God himself enjoy:
Yea, every act whereby we glorifie
The Lord, in it we do the Lord draw nigh,
And God to us. Thus are his servants blest:
For all their service is their interest.
Christ from himself servants sent not away,
His word is come, follow me, with me stay:
If any serve me, let him follow me,
And where I am, there shall my servant be.
Since Christ is foremost, sure the way is right:
Since he's the way, the Leader, and the Light,
The way is safe, take courage, talk no more
Of fear and danger, since God is before:
The way is pleasant, it's a sight most sweet,
To see the steps of Jesus lovely feet;

And to walk in them, in them to walk on,
Since our fore-runner in these paths hath gone:
Tho he be gone before, yet he is near,
He's on the front, and also on the rear;
And still on thy right hand thee to uphold:
Yea, in thy heart, to make thee humbly bold.
As he walks in them, this of them is crav'd,
That they walk in him, as they him receiv'd.
It is his promise to be with them still:
That they be still with him, is his good will.
Thus all the service he to them commends,
To Glory, Union, and Communion tends:
Their Master's Service is their interest,
In glorifying God they're truly blest:
This is thy chief end God to glorifie,
And to enjoy him to eternity.
Come to the Mediator Jesus Christ,
In him alone the Lord with man's well-pleas'd.
Come unto God by him, though thou be'st lost,
He will thee save unto the uttermost.
Come, take himself, and take his fulness all;
Deny thy self, follow upon his call.

Follow him fully, follow him with delight;
His yoke is easie, and his burden light:
His holy Ordinances are most sweet,
His Rod is needful, and his Cross is meet:
All service he requires, is reasonable,
All Rods and Crosses needful, seasonable:
It's only for a time, if need there be,
That trials come in great variety:
And though they sadning be, yet they are blest,
And tend to Holiness, Praise, Glory, Rest.
Come, come, thy service all, all thy distress,
Is for God's Glory, and thy Happiness.
Now since by God, the Father, and the Spirit,
Thou art from sin and torments infinite,
Called to come, through Christ, the living way,
To Fellowship with God, which lasts for aye;
Behold, by whom, from what, through whom, to whom
Thou called art, all calls on thee to come:
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; let all who hear,
Say, Come; and let them come, who thirsty are:

Here is Life's Fountain, whosoever will,
Of living water freely take thy fill.
That all who hear, may come, Lord, draw, that we
May come, and run, and follow after thee.
Come with thy Grace and Glory speedily:
Lord Jesus, come. *Amen.* So let it be.

FINIS.

Twenty Five
CONSIDERATIONS
OF THE
PAINS prepar'd for SIN
After this Life.
WITH A
SERMON
Preached on Acts VII. 60.

I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours, and their works follow them, Rev. 14. 13.

LONDON: Printed for *Richard Butler*, in *White-Lion-Court*, in *Barbican*. 1688.

Twenty Five
CONSIDERATIONS
OF THE
PAINS prepar'd for SIN
After this Life.
WITH A
SERMON
Preached on Acts VII. 59.

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Twenty Five
CONSIDERATIONS
OF THE
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After this Life.

I. AMongſt all the means which God uſeth towards the Children of Men, to move them to this Reſolution, whereof I treat, the ſtrongeſt and moſt forcible (to the common ſort of men) is the conſideration of Puniſhments prepared by him for rebellious ſinners, and tranſgreſſors of his Commandments. Wherefore he uſeth this Conſideration often, as may appear by all the Prophets, who do nothing elſe almoſt but threaten plagues

plagues and deſtruction to Offenders: And this means hath often times prevailed more than any others, that could be uſed, by reaſon of the Natural Love which we bear towards our ſelves; and conſequently the Natural Fears we have of our own danger. So we read, that nothing could move the *Ninevites* ſo much as the foretelling them of their imminent deſtruction. And ſo *John the Baptiſt*, altho he came in a ſimple and contemptible way, yet preaching unto the people the terror of Vengeance to come, and that the Axe was now put to the Trees, to cut for the fire all thoſe which repented not; he moved the very *Publicans* and *Soldiers* to fear, which otherwiſe are people of very hard metal; who came unto him upon his terrible Embaſſage, and asked, what they ſhould do to avoid theſe puniſhments?

John the 5*th*. *Matth.* the 3*d*.

II. After then that we have conſidered of Death, and of God's ſevere Judgment, which enſueth after Death; and wherein every man hath to receive according to his works in this life, as the Scripture ſaith; it followeth, that we conſider alſo of the puniſhments which are appointed for them that ſhall be found faulty in that account. Hereby at leaſtwiſe no other conſideration will ſerve to induce Chri-

Chriſtians to this Reſolution of ſerving God: For as I have noted before, If every man have naturally a Love of himſelf, and deſire to conſerve his own eaſe, then ſhould he alſo have fear of peril, whereby he is to fall into extream calamity. This St. *Bernard* expreſſeth excellently, according to his cuſtom: "O man "(ſaith he)! if thou haſt left all ſhame, "which appertaineth to ſo noble a creature "as thou art; if thou feeleſt no ſorrow, as car- "nal men do not, yet loſe not fear alſo, which "is found in very beaſts. We uſe to load an "Aſs, and weary him out with Labour, "and he careth not, becauſe he is an Aſs: "But if thou wouldeſt thruſt him into fire, "or fling him into the ditch, he would avoid "it as much as he could; for that he loveth "life and feareth death. Fear thou then, and "be not more inſenſible than a beaſt: Fear "Death, fear Judgment, fear Hell. This "Fear is called the beginning of Wiſdom; and "not ſhame and ſorrow; for that the Spirit of "fear is more mighty to reſiſt ſin, than the "Spirit of ſhame or ſorrow. Wherefore it is "ſaid; Remember the end, and thou ſhalt "never ſin: That is, Remember the final pu- "niſhments appointed for ſin after this life.

III. Firſt therefore to ſpeak in General of the puniſhments reſerved for the Life to come: If

If the Scriptures did not declare in particular their greatneſs unto us, That they are moſt ſevere, dolorous, and intolerable: For firſt, as God is a God in all his Works; That is to ſay, great, wonderful, and terrible; ſo eſpecially he ſheweth the ſame in his puniſhments, being called for that cauſe in Scripture, a God of Juſtice, as alſo a God of Revenge. Wherefore ſeeing all his other Works are full of Majeſty, and exceeding our capacities, we may likewiſe gather, that his hand in puniſhment muſt be wonderful: Alſo God himſelf teacheth us to reaſon in this manner, when he ſaith, *And will ye not then fear me, and tremble before my face, which have put the ſand as a ſtop unto the ſea, and have given the water a commandment never to paſs, no, not when it is moſt troubled, and the floods moſt outragious:* As if he ſhould ſay, If I am wonderful, and do paſs your imaginations in theſe works of the Sea, and others, which you ſee daily, you have cauſe to fear me, conſidering that my puniſhments are like to be correſpondent to the ſame.

IV. Another conjecture of the great and ſevere Juſtice of God, may be the conſideration of his infinite and unſpeakable Mercy, the which, as it is the very Nature of God, and without end or meaſure, as his Godhead

is,

is, ſo is alſo his Juſtice; and theſe two are the two arms, as it were, of God, embracing and kiſſing the one the other, as the Scripture ſaith: Therefore, as in a man of this world, if we had the meaſure of one arm, we might eaſily conjecture of the other: ſo ſeeing the wonderful examples daily of God's infinite mercy towards them that repent, we may imagine by the ſame his ſevere juſtice towards them whom he reſerveth to puniſhment in the next life, and whom for that cauſe he calleth in the Scriptures, Veſſels of his Fury, or Veſſels to ſhew his Fury upon.

V. A Third Reaſon to perſwade us of the greatneſs of theſe puniſhments, may be the marvellous patience, and long-ſufferings of God in this life: As for example, in that he ſuffereth divers men, from one ſin to another, from one day to another, from one year to another, from one age to another, to ſpend (all I ſay) in diſhonour and deſpite of his Majeſty; adding offence to offence, and refuſing all perſwaſions, allurements, good inſpirations, or other means of friendſhip that his mercy can deviſe, to offer for their amendment: And what man in the world could ſuffer this? Or what mortal heart can ſhew ſuch patience? But now if all this ſhould not be requited with ſeverity of puniſhment in the

the world to come upon the obstinate, it might seem against the Law of Justice and Equity, and one arm of God might seem longer than the other. Saint *Paul* teach-
Rom. 2. eth this Reason in his Epistle to the *Romans*, where he saith, *Dost thou not know, that the benignity of God is used to bring to repentance? And thou by thy hard and impenitent heart, dost hoard up vengeance unto thy self in the day of wrath, and appearance of God's just judgment, which shall restore to every man according to his works.* He useth here the words of hoarding up of vengeance, to signifie, as a covetous man doth hoard up money to money daily, to make his heap great, so the unrepentant sinner doth hoard up sin to sin; and God, on the contrary side, hoardeth up vengeance to vengeance, until his measure be full, to restore in the measure against measure, as the Prophet saith; and to pay us home, according to the multitude of our abominations. This God meant, when he said to *Abraham*, that the iniquity of the *Amorites* was not yet full up: Also in the Revelation unto St. *John* the Evangelist, when he useth this conclusion of that book: *He that doth evil, let him do more evil; and he that liveth in filth, let him yet become more filthy: For behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to render to every one according to his deeds.* By which

which words God ſignifieth, that his bearing and tolerating with ſinners in this life, is an Argument of his greater ſeverity in the life to come; which the Prophet *David* alſo declareth, when talking of a careleſs ſinner, he ſaith, *The Lord ſhall ſcoff at him, foreſeeing that his day ſhall come.* This day, no doubt, is to be underſtood the day of account, and puniſhment after this life: For ſo doth God more at large declare himſelf in theſe words: *And thou Son of man, this ſaith thy Lord God, The end is come; now (I ſay) the end is come upon thee: And I will ſhew in thee my fury, and will judge thee according to thy ways: I will lay againſt thee all thine abominations; and mine eye ſhall not ſpare thee, neither will I take any mercy upon thee; but I will put thy own ways upon thee, and thou ſhalt know that I am the Lord. Behold, affliction cometh on; the end is come, the end, I ſay, is come; it hath watched againſt thee, and behold it is come: the day of ſlaughter is at hand: cruſhing is now come upon thee: Shortly will I pour out my wrath upon thee, and I will fill my fury in thee, and I will judge thee according to thy ways, and I will lay all thy wickedneſs upon thee: mine eye ſhall not pity thee, but I will lay thy way upon thee, and thine abominations in the midſt of thee, and thou ſhalt know that I am the Lord that ſtriketh.* Ezek. 7th. Hitherto is the ſpeech of God himſelf.

VI. Seeing then now we understand in general, that the punishments of God in the Life to come, are most certain to be great and severe to all such as fall into them; for which cause the Apostle saith, *It is a fearful and horrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God.* Let us consider somewhat in particular, what manner of pains and punishments they shall be.

VII. And first of all touching the place of punishment appointed for the Damned, commonly called *Hell.* The Scripture in divers Languages, useth divers Names, but all tending to express the grievousness of punishment there suffered, as in *Latine* it is called *Infernum*, a place beneath, or under ground (as most of the Old Fathers do interpret): But whether it be under ground, or no, most certain it is, that it is a place most opposite to Heaven, which is said to be above. And this Name is used, to signifie the miserable suppressing, and hurling down of the damned, to be trodden under the feet, not only of God, but of good men also, for ever: For so saith the Scripture: *Behold the day*
Mal. 4. *of the Lord cometh, burning like a furnace, and proud and wicked men shall be as straw to that furnace, and you that fear my name shall tread them down, and they*

shall

shall be as burnt ashes under the soles of your feet in that day. And this shall be one of the greatest miseries that can happen to the proud and stout Potentates of the World, to be thrown with such contempt down, and to be trodden under feet of them whom they so much despised in this world.

VIII. The *Hebrew* word which the Scripture useth for Hell is (*Seol*), which signifieth a great Ditch or Dungeon: In which sense it is called in the *Apocalyps*, *The lake of the wrath of God*: And again, *A poole burning with fire and brimstone.* In *Greek* the Scripture useth Three words for the same place: the first is (*Clades*), used in the Gospel, which (as *Plutarch* noteth) signifieth a place where no light is; the second is (*Zophoz*), in St. *Peter*, which signifieth darkness it self: in which sense it is also called of *Job*, a dark land overwhelmed with deadly obscurity: Also in the Gospel, *utter darkness.* The third *Greek* word is (*Tartaros*), used also by St. *Peter*: which word being derived of the Verb, *Tarasso*, which signifieth to terrifie, trouble and vex, importeth an horrible confusion of Tormentors in that place, even as *Job* saith of it, *There dwelleth no order, but everlasting horror.*

IX. The *Chaldee* word, which is also used in *Hebrew*, and translated to the *Greek*, is (*Gehenna*), first of all used by Christ for the place of them which are damned, as St. *Jerome* noteth upon the Tenth Chapter of St. *Matthew*'s Gospel. And this word being compounded of *Gee* and *Hinnom*, signifieth a Valley nigh to *Jerusalem*, called, the Valley. *Hinnom*; in which the old idolatrous *Jews* were wont to bury alive their own children, in the honour of the Devil, and to sound with Trumpets, Timbrels, and other loud Instruments, whilst they were doing thereof, that their children's Voices might not be heard; which place was afterwards used for the receit of all filthiness, as Dung, dead Carrions, and the like: And it is most probable, that our Saviour used this word, above all other, for Hell, thereby to signifie the miserable burning of Souls in that place, the pitiful clamours and cries of the tormented, the confused and barbarous noise of the tormentors, together with the most loathsome filthiness of the place, which is otherwise described in the Scripture, by the Names of Addars, Snakes, Cockatrices, Scorpions, and other venemous creatures, as shall be afterwards declared.

X. Having declared the Names of this place and thereby also in some part, the Nature;

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remaineth now, that we consider, what manner of pains men suffer there. For consideration whereof, we must note, That as Heaven and Hell are contrary, assigned to contrary persons, for contrary causes; so have they in all respects, contrary properties, conditions, and effects, in such sort, as whatsoever is spoken of the Felicity of the one, may serve to infer the contrary of the other, as when St. *Paul* saith, *No eye hath seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived the Joys that God hath prepared for them that shall be saved*, we may infer, that the pains of the damned must be as great again, when the Scripture saith, the felicity of them in Heaven, is a perfect felicity, containing *omne bonum*, all goodness; so that no one kind of pleasure can be imagined, which they have not.

We must think on the contrary part, that the misery of the damned must be also a perfect misery, containing all afflictions that may be, without wanting any: So that as the happiness of the good is infinite and universal, so also the calamity of the wicked is infinite and universal. Now in this life all the miseries and pains which fall upon men, are but particular, and not universal: As for Example, We see one man pained in his Eyes, another in his Back, which particular pains, notwithstanding, sometimes are so extream, as life is

not able to resist them, and a man would suffer them long for the gaining of many Worlds together: But suppose a man were now tormented in all the parts of his body at once, as in his Head, his Eyes, his Tongue, his Teeth, his Throat, his Stomach, his Belly, his Back, his Heart, his Sides, his Thighs, and in all the Joints of his Body: Besides, suppose (I say) he were most cruelly tormented with extream pains in all these parts together, without ease or intermission, what thing could be more miserable than this? What sight more lamentable? If thou shouldest see a Dog lie so in the street, so afflicted, I know thou couldest not but take compassion upon him. Well then, consider what difference there is between abiding these pains for a Week, or for all Eternity; in suffering them upon a soft Bed, or upon a burning Gridiron, and boiling Furnace; among a man's Friends, comforting him, or among the Furies of Hell whipping him. Consider this (I say), gentle Reader, and if thou wouldest take a great deal of labour, rather than abide the one in this life, be content to sustain a little pain, rather than to incur the other in the life to come.

XI. But to consider these things yet further, not only all these parts of the body, which have been instruments to sin, shall be tormented

ed together, but alſo every ſenſe, both external and internal, for the ſame cauſe, ſhall be afflicted with his particular torment, contrary to the Object, wherein it took moſt pleaſure and delight in this World: As for Example; The Eyes were afflicted with the ugly and fearful ſight of Devils, the delicate Ears with the horrible noiſe of the damned Spirits, the nice ſmell with poiſoned ſtench of brimſtone, the dainty taſte with moſt ravenous hunger and thirſt; and all the ſenſible parts of the body with burning fire. Again, the Imagination ſhall be tormented with the apprehenſion of pains preſent and to come, the Memory with the remembrance of pleaſures paſt, the Underſtanding with conſideration of the felicity loſt, and the miſery now to come on. O poor Chriſtian! what wilt thou do amidſt the multitude of ſo grievous calamities.

XII. It is a wonderful matter, and able, as one Father ſaith, to make a reaſonable man go out of his wits, to conſider what God hath revealed unto us in the Scriptures, of the dreadful circumſtances of this puniſhment; and yet to ſee how little wretchleſs men of this world do fear it. For firſt, touching the univerſality, verity and greatneſs of the pain, not only the Reaſons before alledged, but alſo divers Conſiderations in the Scriptures do declare:

As where it is said of the damned, *Rev.* 20. 14. *They shall be tormented day and night.* *Rev.* 20. And again, *Give her torment*, speaking of *Babylon* in Hell, by which is signified, that the pains in Hell are not exercised for chastisement, but for torment of the parties: And torments commonly, we see in this world to be as great and extream as the Wit of a man can reach to devise. *Luke* 16. Imagine then, when God shall lay his head to devise torments, as he hath done in Hell, what manner of torments will they be.

XIII. If creating an Element here for our comfort, I mean the fire, he could create the same so terrible, as it is in such sort, as a man would not hold his only hand in it, to gain a Kingdom; what a fire think you hath he provided for Hell, which is not created for comfort, but for torment of the parties? Our fire hath many differences from that, and therefore is truly said of the holy Fathers, to be but a painted and feigned fire, in respect of that: for our fire was made to comfort us, as I have said, and that to torment: Our fire hath need to be fed continually with wood, or else it goeth out; that burneth continually, without feeding: Ours giveth light, that giveth none: Ours is out of his natural place, and therefore shifteth to ascend, and to get from

from us, as we see; but this is in the natural place where it was created; and therefore it abideth there perpetually: Ours consumeth the matter laid in it, and so quickly dispatcheth the pain; that tormenteth, but consumeth not, to the end, the pain may be everlasting: Our fire is extinguished with water, and abated greatly by the coolness of the Air about it: that hath no such abatement or qualification. Finally, what a strange and incredible kind of fire that is, as appeareth by these words of our Saviour so often repeated? *There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.* Weeping is to be referred to the effect of extream burning in the fire; for that the torment of scalding and burning enforceth Tears sooner than any other torment, as appeareth in them which upon a sudden do put an hot thing into their mouth, or scald any other part of their body; and gnashing of their teeth, or chattering, at least, as every man knoweth, proceedeth of great and extream cold. Imagine then what fire this is, which hath such extream effects both of heat and cold. O mighty Lord, what a strange God art thou! how wonderful and terrible in all thy works and inventions! how bountiful art thou to those that love and fear thee! how severe to them that contemn thy Commandments! Hast thou devised a way how they that lie burning in the

lake

lake of fire and brimstone, shall be tormented with extream cold? What understanding of man can conceive how this may be? But thy Judgments, O Lord, are a depth without bottom; and therefore I leave this to thine own providence, praising thee eternally for the same.

XIV. Besides these general pains, common to all that be in that place, the Scripture signifieth also, that there shall be particular torments, peculiar both in quality and quantity to the sins and offences of each offender: for to that end saith the Prophet, *Isa.* 17. and *Isa.* 28. to God: *Thou wilt judge in measure against measure.* And God saith of himself, *I will exercise judgment in weight and justice in measure.* And this is the meaning of all those threats of God to sinners, where he saith, he will pay them home according to their particular works, and according to the inventions of their own hearts. In this sence it is said in *Revel.* 18. of *Babylon* now thrown down into the Lake; *Look how much she hath glorified her self, and hath lived in delights, so much torment and affliction give her.* Whereof the holy Fathers have gathered the variety of torments that shall be in that place, saith old *Ephraim*: As if the Adulterer should have one kind of torment, the Murderer another, the Thief another,

another, the Drunkard another, the Lyar another: As if the proud man should be trodden under feet, to recompence his pride, the Glutton suffer inestimable hunger, the Drunkard extream thirst, the delicious mouth filled up with gall, and the delicate body feared with hot burning Irons.

XV. The Holy Ghost signifieth such a thing, when he saith in the Scriptures of the wicked worldling, His bread in his belly shall be turned into Gall of Serpents; he shall be constrained to spue out again the riches which he hath devoured: nay, God shall pull them out of his belly again: He shall be constrained to suck the Gall of Cockatrices, and the Tongue of an Adder shall kill him; he shall pay sweetly for all that ever he hath done, and yet shall not be consumed; but shall suffer according to the multitude of all his devices: utter darkness lieth in wait for him, and fire which needeth no kindling shall eat him up. This is the wicked man's portion from God. By which words, and such like, is plainly shewed, that worldlings shall receive, as it were, particular and proper torments, for their gluttony, for their delicate fare, for their extortion, and the like; which torments shall be greater than any worldly Tongue can express, *Job* 20.

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as may appear by the vehement and horrible words which the Holy Ghoſt here uſeth, to inſinuate the ſame.

XVI. Beſides this, the Scripture ſheweth unto us, not only the univerſality, particularity, and ſeverity of theſe pains, but alſo the ſtraitneſs thereof, without aid or help, eaſe or comfort, when he ſaith, we ſhall be caſt in bound hand and feet: For it is ſome kind of comfort in this world, to be able to reſiſt or ſtrive againſt our afflictions: but here we muſt lie ſtill, and ſuffer all. Again, when he ſaith, *Clauſa eſt Janua*, the Gate is ſhut: that is, the Gate of all Mercy, all Pardon, of all Eaſe, of all Intermiſſion, of all Comfort, is ſhut up from Heaven, from Earth, from the Creator, and from Creatures, inſomuch as no conſolation is ever to be hoped for any more, as in all the miſeries of this life there is always ſome. This ſtraitneſs is moſt lively expreſſed in that dreadful Parable of the Rich Glutton in Hell, who was driven to that neceſſity, as he deſired that *Lazarus* might dip the top of his finger in water, to cool his Tongue, in the midſt of that fire wherein he ſaith he was; and yet could he not obtain it. A ſmall refreſhing it ſeemeth it would have been unto him, if he had obtained the ſame: but, to ſhew the ſtraitneſs of the place, it was denied him.

him. O you that live in the sinful wealth of the world, consider but this one Example of God's severity, and be afraid. This man was in great Royalty a little before, and nothing regarded the extream misery that *Lazarus* was in: But would he give a thousand worlds, if he had them, for one drop of water to cool his Tongue. What demand could be less than this? He durst not ask to be delivered thence, or to have his torments diminished, or to ask a great Vessel of water to refresh his whole body therein, but only so much as would stick on the top of a man's finger, to cool his Tongue. To what need was this man driven, that was so rich before! What a great imagination had he of the force of one drop of water! To what a pitiful change was his Tongue now come unto, that was wont to be so diligently applied with all kinds of pleasant Liquors! O that one man could take example by another. Either this is true, or else the Son of God is a Liar. And then, what men are we, that seeing our selves in danger of this misery, do not seek with more diligence to avoid the same?

XVII. In respect of these extremities, and strait dealings of God, in denying all comfort and consolation at this day, the Scripture saith, that men shall fall into rage, fury, and utter

utter impatience, blaſpheming God, and curſing the day of their Nativity; with eating their own Tongues for grief, and deſiring the Rocks and Mountains to come and fall on them, to end them of their pains.

XVIII. Now if we add to this the eternity and everlaſting continuance of theſe torments, we ſhall ſee that it increaſeth the matter greatly: for in this world there is no torment ſo great, but that time either taketh away, or diminiſheth the ſame: for either the tormentor, or the tormented dieth, or ſome occaſion or other happeneth to alter or mitigate the matter; but here is no ſuch hope or comfort: but, ſaith the Scriptures, they ſhall be tormented for ever in a pool burning with fire and brimſtone: As long as God is God, ſo long ſhall they burn; there ſhall neither the tormentor or the tormented die, but both live eternally, for the eternal miſery of the parties to be puniſhed.

XIX. "Oh! ſaith one of the Fathers, in a "godly Meditation, if a ſinner damned in "Hell, did know that he had to ſuffer thoſe "torments there no more thouſands of years "than there be Sands in the Sea, and Graſs-"piles on the ground, or no more thouſands "of millions of Ages, than there be Crea-

"tures

"tures in Heaven and Earth, he would great-
"ly rejoice thereof; for then he would com-
"fort himſelf, at the leaſt, with this Cogitati-
"on, that once the matter would have an
"end: But now, ſaith this good man, this word
"never breaketh his heart when he thinketh
"on it: And after an hundred thouſand milli-
"ons of Worlds there ſuffered, he hath as far
"to his end as he had at the firſt day of his
"entrance to theſe torments. Conſider (good Chriſtians) what a length an hour would ſeem to thee, if thou had'ſt but to hold thy hand in fire and brimſtone only during the ſpace thereof. We ſee if a man be grievouſly ſick, tho he be laid on a very ſoft bed, yet one Night ſeemeth a long time unto him; he turneth and toſſeth himſelf from ſide to ſide, telling the Clock, and counting the hours as they paſs, which ſeemeth to him a whole day: And if a man ſhould ſay unto him, that he were to abide that pain but ſeven years together, he would go well nigh to deſpair for grief. Now if one Night ſeem ſo long and tedious to him that lieth on a good ſoft bed, and afflicted only with a little Ague, what will the lying in fire and brimſtone do, when he ſhall know evidently, that he ſhall never have end thereof. O (dear Brother)! the ſatiety of continuance is loathſome, even in things that are not evil of themſelves; if thou ſhouldeſt always be

bound

bound to eat one meat, it would be displeasant to thee in the end; if thou should'st be bound to sit still all thy life in one place, without moving, it would be grievous unto thee, albeit no man did torment thee in that place: What then will it be to lie eternally; that is, world without end, in most exquisite torments? Is it any way tolerable? What Judgment then, what Wit, what Discretion is there left in man, which makes no more account of this matter than they do.

XX. I might here add another circumstance which the Scripture addeth, to wit, that all these torments shall be in darkness, a thing dreadful of it self to man's Nature: For there is not the stoutest man in the world, if he be found himself alone, and naked, in extream darkness, and should hear a noise of Spirits coming towards him, but he would fear, albeit he felt never a lash from them on his body. I might also add another circumstance that the Prophet addeth, which is, that God and good men shall laugh at them that day, which will be no small affliction: For as to be moaned by a man's friends in time of adversity, is some comfort, so to be laughed at, especially by him who only may help him, is a great and intolerable increase of his misery.

XXI. And

XXI. And now all this that I have spoken of hitherto, is but one part of a damned man's punishment only, called by Divines, *Pœna Sensus*, the pain of sence or feeling; that is, the pain or punishment sensibly inflicted on the soul and body. But yet besides this, there is another part of punishment, called *Pœna damni*, the pain of loss or damage, which, by all Learned mens Opinions, is either greater, or no less than the former. And this is the infinite loss which a damned man hath, in being excluded for ever and ever from the sight of his Creator, and his Glory, which sight only being sufficient to make happy and blessed all them that are admitted unto it, must needs be an infinite misery to the damned man, to lack that eternally: And therefore this is put as one of the chiefest and first plagues to be laid upon him: Let the wicked man, *Isa.* 26. be taken away to Hell, to the end he may not see the Glory of God. And this loss containeth all other losses and damages in it, as the loss of Eternal Bliss and Joy (as I have said), of Eternal Glory, of Eternal Society with the Angels, and the like; which losses, when a damned man considereth (as he cannot but consider them still), he taketh more grief thereof (as Divines do hold) than by all the sensible torments that he abides beside.

XXII. Whereunto belongs the Worm of Conscience, in Scripture so called: For as a Worm lieth eating and gnawing wood, wherein she lieth, so shall the remorse of our Conscience lie within us, griping and tormenting us for ever. And this worm of remorse shall principally consist in bringing to our minds all the means and causes of our present extream calamities, as our negligences, whereby we lost the felicity which other men have gotten. And at every one of these Considerations this worm shall give us a deadly bite, even unto the heart; as when it shall lay before us all the occasions that we had suffer'd to avoid this misery wherein we are now fallen, and to have gotten the glory which we have lost. How easie it had been to have done it! how nigh were we oftentimes to resolve our selves to do it, and yet how ungraciously we left off that Cogitation again! How many times we were foretold of this danger, and yet how little care and fear we took in the same? How vain the worldly trifles were wherein we spent our time, and for which we lost Heaven, and fell into this intolerable misery? How are they exalted whom we thought Fools in this world, and how are we now proved Fools, and laughed at, which thought our selves wise. These things (I say), and a thousand more, being laid before us by our own Conscience, shall yield

yield us infinite grief, for that it is now too late to amend them. This grief is called the Worm or remorse of our Conscience, which worm shall enforce men more to weep and howl, than any torment else, considering how negligently, foolishly, and vainly, they are come into those insupportable torments, and that now there is no more time to redress their Errors. These are the Cogitations of the damned in Hell.

XXIII. Now only is the time of weeping, for these men, and their lamenting but all in vain. Now shall they begin to fret and fume, and marvel at themselves, saying, Where were our Wits, where was our Understanding, where was our Judgment, when we followed vanities, and contemned these things? This is the talk of sinners in Hell. Saith the Scripture, *What hath our pride, or what hath the glory of Riches profited us? they are all now vanished, now like a shadow: We have wearied our selves in the way of iniquity and perdition, but the way of the Lord we have not known.* This, I say, must be that Everlasting Song of the damned worm-eaten Conscience in Hell. Mark, good Reader, Eternal Repentance without profit, whereby we shall be brought to such desperation as the Scripture noteth; as he shall turn into fury against himself, tear his own flesh,

rent his own ſoul, if it were poſſible, and invite the Fiends of Hell to torment him, ſeeing he hath ſo beaſtly behaved himſelf in this world, as not to provide in time for this principal matter. O! if he could have another life to live in this world again, how would he paſs it over! with what diligence, with what ſeverity! But it is not lawful: We only which are yet alive have that ſingular benefit, if we know it, or would reſolve our ſelves to make the moſt of it: one of theſe days we ſhall be paſt it alſo, and ſhall not recover it again; no, not one hour, if we would give a thouſand worlds for the ſame, as indeed the damned would do, if they might. Let us now therefore ſo uſe the benefit of our preſent time, as when we are paſt hence, we have not need to wiſh our ſelves here again.

XXIV. Now is the time we may avoid all; now is the time we may put our ſelves out of danger of theſe matters (I ſay), now, if we reſolve our ſelves out of hand; for we know not what ſhall become of us to morrow: It may be to morrow our hearts will be as hard and careleſs of theſe things as they have been heretofore, and as *Pharaoh*'s heart after *Moſes*'s departure from him. O that he had reſolved himſelf throughly whilſt *Moſes* was with him, how happy had he been! If the Rich Glut-

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toh had taken the time while he was in prosperity, how blessed a man had he been! He was foretold of his misery, as we are now by *Moses* and the Prophets, as Christ signifieth; but he would not hear. Afterwards he was in such admiration of his own Folly, that he would have had *Lazarus* sent from *Abraham*'s bosome unto his brethren, to warn them of his success: But *Abraham* told him it was bootless; for they would not have believed *Lazarus*, but rather have persecuted him as a Liar, and defamer of their honourable Brother's death, if he should have come and told them of his torments. Indeed, so would the wicked of this world do now, if one should come and tell them, that their Parents and Friends were damned in Hell for such and such things, and do beseech them to look better to their Lives, to the end, that their coming, they do not increase the others pains, for being some cause of their damnation (for this is only the cause of care which the damned have towards the living, and not for any love they now bear them). If (I say) such a message should come from Hell to the flourishing sinners in this World, would not they laugh at it? Would not they persecute eagerly the parties that should bring such news? What then can God devise to do for the saving of these men? What way, what means may *Luke* 16.

he take, when neither Warning nor Example of others, nor Threats, nor Exhortations will do any good? We know, or may know, that leading the life that we do, we cannot be saved; We know, or ought to know, that many before us have been damned for less matters; We know, and cannot chuse but know, that we must shortly die, and receive our selves as they have received, living as they did, or worse. We see, by this laid down before us, that the pains are intolerable, and yet Eternal which do expect us: for the same, we confess them most miserable, that for any pleasure or commodity of this world, are now fallen into those pains. What then should let us then to resolve to dispatch our selves quickly of all impediments; to break violently from all bonds and chains of this wicked world, that do let us from this true and zealous work and service of God? Why should we sleep one Night in sin, seeing that might be our last Night, and so the everlasting cutting off all hope for the life to come.

XXV. Resolve thy self therefore, my dear Brother, if thou be wise, and clear thy self from this imminent danger, while God is willing to receive thee, and moveth thee thereunto by these means, as he did the rich man by *Moses* and the Prophets, while he was yet in his prosperity. Let his Example be often before thine

thine eyes, and conſider it throughly, and it ſhall do thee good. God is a wonderful God, and to ſhew his patience and infinite goodneſs, he wooeth us in this life, ſeeketh unto us, and layeth himſelf (as it were) at our feet, to move us unto our own good, to win us, to draw us, and ſave us from perdition. But after this life he altereth his courſe of dealing, he turneth over the leaf, and changeth his ſtile, of a Lamb he becometh a Lion to the wicked, and of a Saviour a juſt and ſevere puniſher. What can be ſaid or done more to move us, that is forewarned, and ſeeth his own danger before his face, and yet is not ſtirred, and made more wary, or fearful thereby, but notwithſtanding, will come, or ſlide into the ſame, may well be pitied, but ſurely by no means can be helped, making himſelf incapable of remedies that may be uſed.

FINIS.

thine eyes, and consider it throughly, and so shall do thee good. God is a wonderful God, and to shew his patience and infinite goodness, he wooeth us in this life, seeketh unto us, and laycth himself (as it were) at our feet, to move us unto our own good, to win us, to draw us, and save us from perdition. But after this life he altereth his course of dealing, he turneth over the leaf, and changeth his title, of a Lamb he becometh a Lion to the wicked, and of a Saviour a just and severe punisher. What can be said or done more to move us, that is forewarned, and seeth his own danger before his face, and yet is not altered and made more wary, or fearful thereby, but notwithstanding, will come, or slide into the fire, may well be pitied, but surely by no means can be helped, making himself incapable of remedies that may be used.

FINIS.

A

SERMON.

Acts VII. 60.

And when he had said this he fell asleep.

THese words contain in them the happy closure and upshot of *Stephen*'s life, wherein we have Three Particulars:

First, *The Person that fell asleep.*

Secondly, *The Speech he made when he fell asleep.*

Thirdly, *What he did when he had finished his Speech.*

First,

First, We have the Person that fell asleep, and that was *Stephen*. He was a man full of Faith, and full of the Holy Ghost, as you may see, *Acts* 6. 5. He was the first Martyr that ever suffered for the Cause of Christ. Hence I might gather this Doctrine, *viz.*

That the best of men are subject to sudden and violent Deaths.

Stephen, that was full of the Holy Ghost, was stoned to death, and *John the Baptist*, that was full of the Holy Ghost from the very Womb, was beheaded; *Peter* was crucified, and so was *Andrew*; *Isaiah* was sawed asunder, *Jeremiah* was stoned, and *Zacharias* was slain between the Temple and the Altar. But I shall pass this.

The Second part of the Text is the Speech that *Stephen* made when he fell asleep; *Hoc dicto obdormivit*: That is, when he had finished his Prayer, he fell asleep. Hence observe this, That it is an excellent way to close up our Life with prayer. To die praying is a most Christian way of dying; the stoned *Stephen* calling upon God. After this manner Christ died: he prayed, *Father, into thy hands I commend my Spirit, and having thus said, he gave up the Ghost.* This he did, that it might be

be a pattern to all Christians. Prayer is a necessary duty at all times, but especially when we are a dying: And that for these Reasons:

First, Because when we are to die, we have most need of God's help: for then the Devil is most busie, and we most weak.

Secondly, Because when we are to die, we are to beg the greatest boon of God that is, That he would receive us into his Heavenly Kingdom. Now Prayer is the chief means to obtain this mercy: for it is *Porta Cæli, Clavis Paradisi*, the Gate of Heaven, a Key to let us into Paradise. Therefore we have great reason to die praying.

Thirdly, Because when a Saint of God is dying, he is then to take his last farewel of Prayer. In Heaven there is no praying, but all thanksgiving: There is no need in Heaven, therefore no praying in Heaven now, a Saint of God being to take his leave of prayer, when he is to die, therefore it is fit to die praying.

I beseech you remember this pattern in the Text, St. *Stephen* died calling upon God. Let us die praying, as that Emperor said, *Oportet Imperatorem stantem mori.* So may I say, *Oportet Christianum mori precantem*; It behoves a Christian to die praying.

Quest.

Quest. But what was the Substance of *Stephen's* prayer.

Ans. He prayed for himself; *Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit, ver.* 59. *Secondly,* He prayed for his persecutors; *Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,* ver. 60.

I will not enter upon this part of the Text, for it would swallow up all my time: Therefore I shall wave it, and come to the Third part, which is that, that by God's assistance I purpose to speak unto, to wit, what *Stephen* did when he had finished his Prayer: *When he had said this, he fell asleep*; that is, he died. Behold here the Magnanimity, the Piety, and the Christian Courage of *Stephen*: The people were stoning of him, and gnashing their Teeth upon him: and the good man dies with as much quietness of mind as if he had died on his bed: He fell asleep while they were stoning him; while he died he prayed, and while he prayed he died.

But what made *Stephen* die thus quietly? Read the 55*th Verse*, and you shall see the Reason of it: *Being full of the Holy Ghost, he looked up stedfastly into Heaven, and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.* This made him die with such a sweet, quiet, and calm Temper; he saw Jesus Christ standing at the Right Hand of God, ready to receive his Soul, and that made him to

die

die with such an extraordinary quietness of mind.

Death in Scripture, especially the death of God's Children, is often compared to a sleep: It is said of *David*, 1 *Kings* 2. 10. that *he slept with his Fathers*. And it is said, 1 *Thes.* 4. 3. *I would not have you ignorant concerning them that are asleep*; that is, concerning them that are dead. And 1 *Cor* 11. 50. *For this cause many are weakly and sick among you, and many sleep*; that is, many die. This Expression is a Metaphorical Expression, and will afford us many rare and pretious Instructions: And therefore, the Grace of God assisting me, I desire to spend the rest of the time in opening this Metaphor.

The Doctrine is this, *viz. That when a child of God dies, though his death be never so unnatural and violent, yet it is nothing but a falling asleep.* Or, *A Child of God, though stoned to death, though burnt to ashes, though it be never so violent, or unnatural, is nothing but a falling asleep*: When he had said this, he fell asleep.

Somnus est mortis Imago; Sleep is the Image of Death. There are many notable resemblances betwixt sleep and death, some of which I shall speak of at this time.

First,

First, Sleep is common to all men: no man can live without sleep: A man may live long without meat, but no man can live long without sleep. So it is true with death; Death is common too: *It is appointed for all men once to die*: and therefore *David* saith, he was to go the way of all flesh. *Statutum est omnibus semel mori: omnibus est calcanda semel Lethivia*: All men must sleep the sleep of Death, or else be changed, which is a metaphorical death.

Secondly, As sleep ariseth from the Vapours that ascend from the Stomach to the Head, and tie the Senses, and hinder their Operations; so Death came into the World by *Adam's* eating the Forbidden Fruit, and by the poysonful Vapour of sin, that brought death upon him, and all his Posterity: *By one man, sin entred into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned*, Rom. 5. 12. Had *Adam* never sinned, *Adam* should never have died: But, *in illo die*, said God; *But in that day thou eatest the forbidden fruit, thou shalt die the death.* Sin brings *omni modam mortem*, all kinds of death; it brings death temporal, death spiritual, and death eternal. Now because all men are poisoned with the poison of sin, therefore all men must sleep of the sleep of death: It is sin that hath poisoned all mankind.

Thirdly,

Thirdly, As a man when he goeth to sleep, puts off his Cloaths, and goeth naked into bed; so it is with us when we come to die: We came naked into the World, and naked we must return; As we brought nothing with us into the World, so we must carry nothing with us out of the World: And therefore Death in Scripture is called nothing else but an uncloathing of our selves, as 2 *Cor.* 5. 4. Death to a Child of God, is nothing but the putting off of his Cloaths: The Body of man is *Anima & vestimentum*; it is the Soul's cloathing; and Death is nothing else but the uncloathing of the Soul: It is just like a man going to bed, and putting of his cloaths. St. *Peter* calls it, the putting off of our earthly Tabernacle, 2 *Peter* 1. 14. Our Bodies are the Souls Tabernacles, and death is the putting off of this Tabernacle.

Beloved, when we come to die, we shall be stript naked of Three things:

First, We shall be stript naked of all our Worldly Honour, Riches and Greatness.

Secondly, We shall be stript naked of our Bodies.

And, *Thirdly*, Which is above all, we shall be stript naked of our sins, and that is the happiness of a child of God; he shall put off not only his mortal body, but the body of sin.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, In the Fourth place, obſerve, As no man knoweth the time when he falls aſleep, a man falls aſleep before he is aware; ſo no man can tell the certain time when he muſt die. There is nothing ſo certain as that we muſt die, nothing ſo uncertain as the time when we ſhall die: Death comes ſuddenly, even as ſleep comes on a man before he is aware.

Fifthly, Obſerve, as Children and Infants becauſe they do not know the benefit of ſleep, are very loth to go to bed; yea, many times the Mother is fain to whip the Child to bed; even ſo it is with moſt of God's People, becauſe they do not ſtudy the benefit of death; That death puts an end to all our miſeries and ſins, and opens a door to let us into everlaſting happineſs, and that we ſhall never ſee God or Chriſt until we die. I ſay, becauſe God's People do not ſtudy the benefit of death, therefore they are like to little children, loth to die, loth to go to bed; and therefore Death is called, the *King of Terrors*. Death is terrible to many of God's Children, becauſe they are but Infants in Grace, and becauſe they do not know the benefits of death.

Job 18. 14.

Sixthly, Obſerve, as when a man is faſt aſleep, he is free from cares and troubles. Let it thunder, as it thundered not long ſince, as you

you know, yet a man that is fast asleep, he hears it not. Let the House be on fire while the man is asleep, he sees it not, neither is he troubled at it: So it is with the death of God's Children; When God's Children sleep the sleep of death, they are free from the thunders of this World, and from all cares and troubles: they go to their Graves as to their Beds, and rest in quietness, and are not sensible of any troubles that are in this World; *for Abraham knows us not, Isa.* 63. 16. so 2 *Kings* 22. 20. *Thou shalt be gathered into thy grave in peace, and thy eyes shall not see all the evil that I will bring upon this place.* When a Child of God sleeps the sleep of death, he doth not feel, nor is he sensible of any of the calamities or sad providences of God upon the Earth.

Seventhly, When a man goeth to sleep, he goeth to sleep but for a certain time; in the morning he awakes out of his sleep: So it is with the sleep of death; and therefore death is called a sleep, because we must all awake in the morning of Resurrection. We are in the Grave as in our Beds, and when the Trumpet of God, and the voice of the Arch-Angel shall sound, we shall all arise out of our Graves as out of our Beds: Death is but a sleep for a certain time.

Eighthly, Sleep is a great refreshing to those that are weary, and sick; and when the sick man awakes, he is more lively and chearful than he was before he fell asleep; and therefore sleep is called, *Medicus laborum reintegratio virium, recreator corporum*, the great Physician of the sick Body, the renewing of man's Spirits, the reviver of the weary Body. And so it is with death: When God's People awake out of the sleep of death, they shall be more active for God than ever they were before. When you lie down in the Grave, you shall lie down with mortal Bodies, as 1 Cor. 15. 42, 43. *It is sown a mortal body, but it shall rise up an immortal body; it is sown in dishonour, but it shall rise up in honour; it is sown a natural body, but it shall rise up a spiritual body.*

Ninthly, As in the morning when we rise out of our Beds, we then put on our cloaths, so in the morning of the glorious Resurrection, we shall put on a glorious Body, like to the glorious Body of Jesus Christ: We shall put on *Stolam Immortalitatis*, the Garment of Immortality.

Tenthly, As no man when he lieth down to sleep, knoweth the direct time when he shall awake, so no man can tell when the Resurrection shall be. They do but cozen you, who say, That the general Resurrection shall be such or such a year: For as no man can know the minute

nute when he ſhall awake out of his natural ſleep, no more can any man know when we ſhall ariſe from the ſleep of death.

Eleventhly, As it is a very eaſie thing to awake a man out of ſleep, it is but ſtirring of him, and you will awake him quickly; ſo it is with the ſleep of death: It is as eaſie for Jeſus Chriſt to awake us out of the ſleep of death, as it is for you or me to awake a man out of his ſleep in Bed: *Nemo noſtrum tam facile excitat dormientem de lecto, quam Chriſtus jacentem in Sepulchro.*

Twelfthly, As when a man riſeth in the morning, tho he hath ſlept many hours; nay, ſuppoſe he could ſleep twenty years together, yet notwithſtanding when he awakes, theſe twenty years will ſeem to be but as one hour unto him: So it will be in the day of Judgment, all thoſe that are in their Graves, when they awake, it will be *tanquam ſomnus unius horæ*, as the ſleep of one hour unto them.

Laſtly, And moſt eſpecially, as ſleep ſeizeth only upon the Body, and the outward Senſes, but doth not ſeize upon the Soul. The Soul of man is oftentimes moſt buſie when the man is aſleep.

And God hath heretofore revealed moſt glorious things to his children in dreams, when they have been aſleep: God appeared unto *Abraham*, and many others, in dreams. The Bo-

dy ſleeps, but the Soul awakes. So it is with the ſleep of death; it is the Body that dies, but the Soul doth not die. There are ſome men that are not afraid to teach you, that the Soul ſleeps as well as the Body; and that when the Body dies, and falls aſleep, the Soul likewiſe continues in a dull Lethargy: *Veternoſo ſomno correptus*: neither capable of joy nor ſorrow till the Reſurrection.

Beloved, this is very uncomfortable, and a very falſe Doctrine. They endeavour to prove it from my Text: They ſay, That when *Stephen* died, he fell aſleep. It is true, in regard of his Body, he fell aſleep, but his Soul did not fall aſleep: That which was ſtoned fell aſleep, which was his Body only; for when he was ſtoning, he ſaw Jeſus Chriſt ſtanding ready to receive his Soul into Heaven: *Lord Jeſus*, ſaith he, *receive my ſpirit*. *Stephen*'s Soul could not be ſtoned, tho his Body was ſtoned. So when Jeſus Chriſt was crucified, his Soul was not crucified, I mean, when his Body was killed. Indeed he did endure torments in his Soul, which made him cry out, *My God, my God, why haſt thou forſaken me?* But yet his Soul did not die. So when *Stephen* died, his Soul went to Chriſt. It is true, when a child of God dies, the Soul goes to ſleep. How is that? The Soul goes to ſleep in a Scripture ſenſe; that is, it goes to reſt in *Abraham*'s Boſome. O bleſſed Sleep! it goes to reſt in the

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Embraces of God; it goes into the Arms of its Redeemer; it goes to the Heavenly Paradice; it goes to be always present with the Lord. But take heed you do not say, that the Soul sleeps in this sense; *viz.* That it lies in a strange kind of a Lethargy, neither dead nor alive, neither capable of joy nor sorrow until the Resurrection. Tho *Stephen*'s Body fell asleep, yet his Soul did not fall asleep, but immediately went unto Jesus Christ in Heaven. Thus I have given the Explication of the Words.

Now give me leave to make some Application of all unto our selves.

Use 1. If the death of God's children be nothing but a falling asleep, then let this comfort us against the death of our godly Friends, tho they die unnatural and violent deaths, tho they be stoned to death, tho they be burnt to ashes, tho they be sawn asunder. Here is a message of rich consolation, which as a Minister of Christ, I hold unto you this day; *viz.* That the death of a child of God, let it be after what manner soever it will, it is nothing but a falling asleep; He goes to his Grave as to his Bed: And therefore our Burying-places are call'd our *Dormitoria*, Sleeping-houses. A child of God when he dies, he lies down in peace, and enters into his rest: And as a man, when he is asleep, is free from all the cares and troubles that he hath in

the day-time, so the People of God, when they are fallen asleep, they are free from all the miseries and calamities, crosses, losses and afflictions that we are troubled withal: Therefore give me leave to say to you, as Christ did to the Women that followed him to the Cross, bewailing and lamenting of him: *O daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for your selves, and for your children:* So I say, weep not for those that are dead in the Lord, that are fallen asleep in Jesus Christ: They are at their rests; they do not know the troubles that we are troubled withal: *Abraham* remembers us not: they are not sensible of our miseries and afflictions. Let us weep for our selves, and for the miseries that are coming upon us; and let us know, that when God's children die, they do but lie in their Beds until the morning of the Resurrection, and then they shall put on *Stolam Immortalitatis*, the Garment of Immortality, and their Bodies shall be made like unto the glorious Body of Jesus Christ. And know one thing more, which is all in all, *viz.* That when the Body of a child of God falls asleep, his Soul immediately goes into the Arms of Christ, and there lives for ever in the Embraces of Jesus Christ: Tho the Body falls asleep, yet the Soul is received into *Abraham's* Bosom. I beseech you comfort one another with these words.

Use 2. Let me beſeech the people of God, that they would look upon death, not as it is preſented unto us in Natures Looking-glaſs, but as it is ſet down in a Scripture-dreſs. Nature preſents death in a very terrible manner: and it is true, death is very terrible to a man out of Chriſt; but to you that are in Chriſt, the ſting of death is taken away: Death is nothing elſe but a quiet and placid Sleep, putting off our cloaths and going to Bed, till we awake in the morning of Reſurrection. Death to a child of God is nothing but a putting off his Earthly Tabernacle, a going from an Earthly Priſon into an Heavenly Palace, a hoiſing up Sail for Heaven, the letting of the Soul out of Priſon, as a Bird out of a Cage, that it may fly to Heaven; a change from a Temporary Hell to an Eternal Heaven, a going out of *Egypt* into *Canaan:* and therefore called, 2 *Pet.* 1. 15. not *mors hominis*, but *mors peccati*, not the death of the man, but the death of his ſins; it is *Sepultura vitiorum*; it is the Pilgrim's Journeys end, the Seaman's Haven, an abſence from the Body, and a preſence with the Lord. Let all God's People look upon death through Scripture-Spectacles, and conſider it as it is ſweetly repreſented in this Text. Remember bleſſed *Stephen* ſtoned to death, and yet falling aſleep; and remember alſo that Excellent Saying of St. *Auſtin*, That a child of God ſhould be as willing

to die as to put off his cloaths, because death is nothing else to him but a Sleep, and a departure from misery to everlasting happiness.

Use 3. Is to beseech you all every night when you go to Bed, to remember this Text, and especially these Four things: First, When you are putting off your cloaths, remember you must shortly put off your Bodies. And Secondly, When you go into your Beds, remember that it will not be long before you go into your Graves. And Thirdly, When you close your Eyes to sleep, remember that it will not be long before death must close your Eyes. And Fourthly, When you awake in the morning, remember that at the Resurrection we must all arise out of the Grave; and that the just shall arise to everlasting happiness, but the wicked to everlasting misery.

It is the saying of a Heathen man, That the whole Life of a man should be nothing else but *Meditatio Mortis*, a Meditation of Death: And it is the saying of *Moses*, *Deut.* 32. 29. *O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end.* Beloved, it is the greatest part of Wisdom every day to remember our latter end: That man is the only wise man, and happy man in life and death, that is ever mindful of his end.

But

But before I make an end, I must propound one Question, *viz.* whether the death of the wicked be not in Scripture compared to a Sleep as well as the death of the godly? I answer, That wicked men in Scripture are said to fall asleep when they die: It is said of Idolatrous *Jeroboam*, that *he slept with his fathers*: of *Baasha* and *Omri*, those wicked Kings, that *they slept with their fathers*. But then the Question will be, In what respect is the death of the wicked compared to a Sleep? *Ans.* Even as a man which is asleep, sometimes hath no benefit, rest, or ease thereby; when the sick man awakes, he is many times more sick than he was before he went to sleep. Some men are much disquieted in their sleeps by hideous and fearful dreams: *Nebuchadnezzar*, when he was asleep, had a most scaring dream, and was amazed therewith. So it is with a wicked man; death to a wicked man is a Sleep, but it is a terrifying Sleep: The Soul, that goes immediately to Hell, where it is burned with fire that never shall be quenched, and where the Worm that never dies, is always gnawing upon it; The Body, that indeed lies asleep in the Grave: But how? Even as a Malefactor that sleeps in a Prison the night before he is to be executed, but when he awakes, is hurried and dragged to Execution: So the wicked man falls asleep in death, but when he awakes, he awakes to everlasting damnation;

nation; but a child of God when he sleeps the Sleep of death, he sleeps in his Father's House, and when he awakes, he awakes to everlasting happiness.

Use 4. And this makes way for the Fourth and last Use, which Use is of very great consequence, and that is, to beseech all, that you labour so to live, that when you fall asleep you may sleep an happy Sleep. There is the Sleep that the wicked man sleeps when he dies, and there is the Sleep that the godly man sleeps when he dies: Now I beseech you labour so to live, that when you fall asleep, your Sleep may be an happy Sleep unto you, that when you awake in the morning of the Resurrection, it may be a good awaking for you.

But then the great Question will be, How shall I do this?

Ans. I shall give you Four or Five helps for this:

First, If you would sleep an happy Sleep at death, then you must labour to sleep in Jesus Christ. It is said, 1 *Cor.* 15. 18. *Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ.* And 1 *Thes.* 4. 14. *If we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.* What is it to sleep in Jesus? To sleep in Jesus is to die in the Faith of Jesus Christ.

2. To

2. To sleep in Jesus Christ, is to die with an Interest in Jesus Christ, to die as a Member united to Christ, as our Head: For you must know, that the dust of a Saint is part of that man who is a Member of Jesus Christ; and every believer, when he sleeps in the dust, he sleeps in Jesus Christ; that is, he lies in the Grave, and his dust is part of Christ Mystical; and Christ as an Head, will raise it up, and cannot be compleat without it. Now then if ever you would sleep an happy Sleep, labour to get a real Interest in Christ: labour to live in Christ while you live, and then when you fall asleep, you shall be sure to sleep in Jesus. There are many that would have Christ to receive their Souls at death, and that say with dying *Stephen*, *Lord Jesus receive my spirit*: But if ever you would have Christ to receive your Souls when you die, you must be sure to receive him into your Souls whilst you live: If ever you would have him to receive you into Heaven, you must receive him into your hearts. No man makes a Will, but he saith, *Imprimis*, I bequeath my Soul to Jesus Christ, my Redeemer. But how dost thou know that Jesus Christ will accept of this Legacy? If thy Soul hath not Christ's Image upon it, if it be not regenerated and renewed, Jesus Christ will never own it: Thou maist bequeath it unto Christ, but the Devil will claim it. Beloved, if ever you would

would reign with Christ when you die, he must reign in you whilst you live; and if ever you would sleep an happy Sleep, you must live in Jesus, that you may sleep in Jesus.

3. In the Third place, if ever you would sleep an happy Sleep at death, then you must take heed of overcharging your self with worldly cares. A man that is full of cares cannot sleep: They lay (as the Proverb is) all their cares under their Pillow: they labour to shut all cares out of their mind. O take heed that you do not murder your selves by the cares of the World. Beloved, a man that eats out his heart with Worldly Cares, will never sleep an happy Sleep, the Cares of the World will choak all the good Seed of the Word of God: And therefore as men, when they go to sleep, lay aside all Worldly Thoughts, so if ever you will sleep an happy Sleep, take heed of overmuch carking and caring for the things of this World: And remember what you have heard this day, and that will regulate and moderate all your cares. Naked you came into the World, and naked you must go out of the World. Why should we take care for that we know not who shall enjoy after us.

4. If ever you would sleep an happy Sleep when you die, you must take heed of sucking too much of the pleasures of this World. A man that eats a full supper, will sleep very disquietly:

There-

Therefore they that would ſleep quietly, uſe to eat light ſuppers: For when a man's ſtomach is over-charged, it takes away his quiet Sleep from him. So if you would ſleep an happy Sleep when you come to die, O take heed of ſucking too much the Pleaſures of this Life: take heed of eating too large a Meal of Worldly Delights, and of Creature-Comforts. Theſe Worldly Pleaſures will make the Sleep of Death unquiet unto you. O! let not *Dalilah*'s lap deprive you of *Abraham*'s boſome: Remember, that *David*, by *Bathſheba*'s Embraces, loſt the Embraces of God: I mean the ſence of the Embraces of God, the joy and comfort of them.

Fourthly, If ever you would ſleep an happy Sleep in death, then labour to work hard for Heaven while you live. O how delightful is Sleep to a weary man: When a man hath taken pains all the day, as the Traveller that hath travelled all the day, or the Plowman that hath been at work all the day, how quietly, how ſoundly doth he ſleep in the night! O beloved, if ever you would ſleep an happy Sleep at death, then *work out your ſalvation with fear and trembling*, and give all diligence to make your *calling and election ſure*. The more you labour for Heaven, the better, the ſweeter will your ſleep be when you come to die. And remember this, as much ſleeping in the day-time will hinder a man's Sleep at night, ſo you that idle away

way the time of your providing for Heaven in this your day, you that sleep away the minute on which Eternity doth depend, O! you will have a sad Sleep when death seizeth upon you. Take heed therefore of sleeping whilst you live, that so your sleep in the night of death may be comfortable unto you.

5. And lastly, If ever you would sleep an happy sleep when you die, then take heed of the sleep of sin. Sin in the Scripture is compared to a sleep: *Awake thou that sleepest*: that is, thou that sinnest. Sin is such a sleep as brings the sleep of death: Sin brings the first death, and sin brings the second death: All miseries whatsoever are the daughters of sin. If you would sleep an happy sleep, and have an happy awakening at the Resurrection, then take heed of the sleep of sin: *Awake thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Jesus Christ will give thee life*, *Eph.* 5. 14. so *Rom.* 13. 11, 12, 13. with which I will conclude; and I pray you mark it well: for it was a Text that converted St. *Augustine*: *Knowing the time, beloved, that it is now high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light: let us walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying*; but put on the Lord Jesus Christ. *FINIS.*

Books Printed for Richard Butler, *in* White-Lyon-Court *in* Barbican.

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